

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## STIRRING STORY OF THE SEA

### THE BROKEN CANOE REMARKABLE STORY OF THE SEA

The Voice From the Night  
Heard in a Cabin

#### SAVED AS BY MIRACLE

An astonishing tale of real life comes from the Southern Seas.

Darkness had fallen and most of the passengers had gone to bed. The steamer *Narbada* continued to thresh through the choppy, shark-infested sea. She was now a day out from Samarang, in Java.

While Mr N. Wilcock, one of the passengers, was reading before turning in for the night he heard a strange cry from the water. He threw down the book and jumped to his feet. There was the sound again, this time a cry of agonising despair.

#### By the Light of a Torch

He rushed to the side of the ship and peered into the blackness. Once more the sound came to his ears, and this time he heard the Malayan words: *Tuan! Tuan! prau saliya!* "Master! Master! My canoe is broken!"

"Who are you?" he shouted, but all that came out of the night was the long, drawn-out cry, *Tuan! Tuan!*

Warning the third officer on the bridge and then the captain, who was in his cabin, was only a matter of moments. At once the captain ordered the ship to be put about. As they went back slowly they leaned far over the railing and watched and listened. Had it been imagination? They were nearly giving up hope when the suspense was broken by a faint cry of *Tuan! Tuan!*

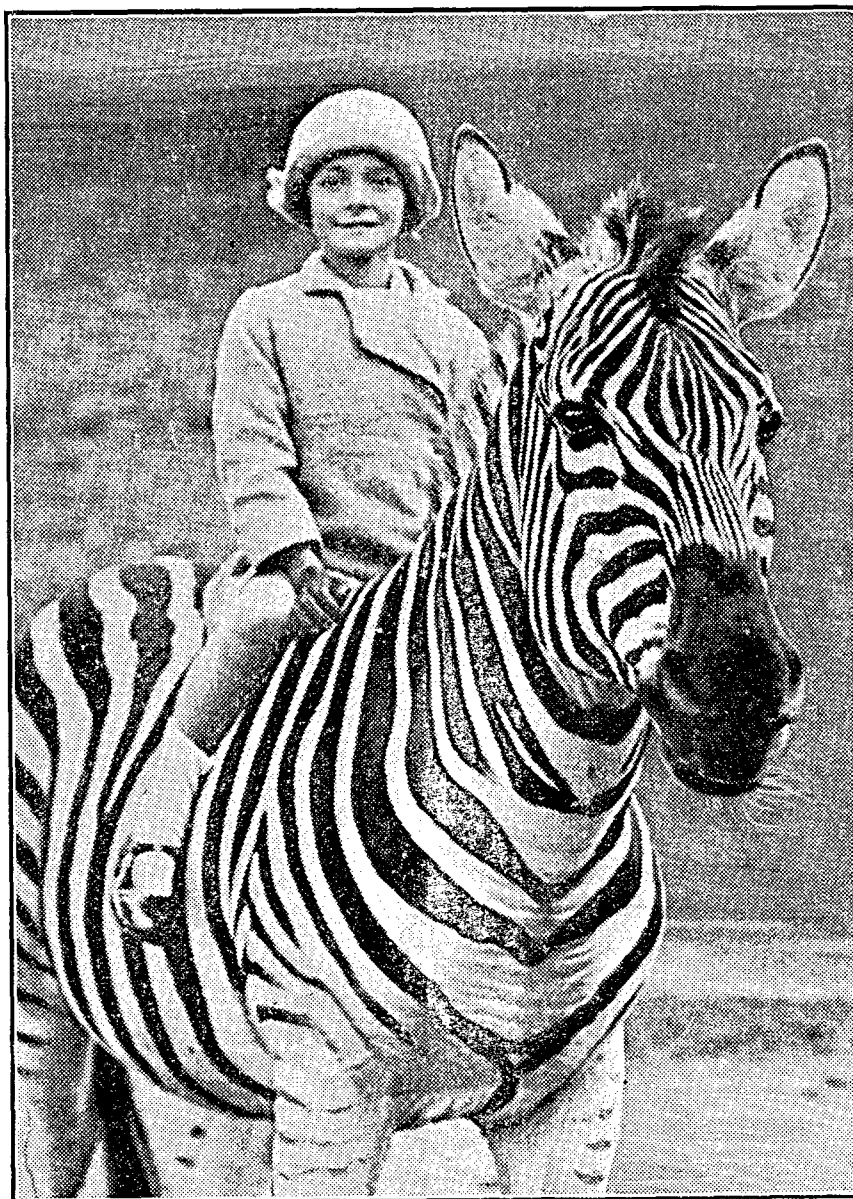
Then suddenly by the light of a torch, the watchers saw a face looking up piteously from the water, so close to the ship that they shouted a warning. Somehow the man floated clear from the danger of the propellers.

#### Upset in a Storm

He managed to catch a rope and had just enough strength to wind it round his body. Then he was hauled up and collapsed on to the deck. But he tried to show his gratitude and half fell and half bowed to everyone, including the delighted Lascar crew.

As soon as he could the Malayan told them that his canoe with its cargo of copra had been upset in a storm. All day he had clung on to it, then it had broken up and sunk. By a miracle he had met no sharks, although he had been swimming four hours. By a miracle, also, he had hit on the route of the *Narbada*, for he was too far from land to know in which direction to swim. But if it had not been for the kindness and presence of mind of the men on board, especially for the fact that one of the passengers was awake and reading a book, the poor Malayan would never have lived to tell the tale.

### A Ride on a Zebra



All boys and girls who go to the Zoo hope to have a ride on one of the animals, the elephants and camels being the most usual mounts. This little girl, however, had the privilege of a ride on one of the zebras.

### A LOVABLE OLD COUPLE

THE inmates of one of Budapest's Old People's Homes are preparing for a rather touching festival.

They have clubbed together to celebrate, in as fitting a manner as their more than slender means will allow, the golden wedding of two of the fellow-inmates of the Homes.

When, fifty years ago, the young stonemason Anthony Messenger led pretty Theresa Riczinger to the altar, life smiled upon them and they had many prosperous years together, years filled with happy toil. Then lean years came, but they took them cheerfully. Even when, grown old and destitute, they had to seek admittance in the Home, they did not grumble—nor did they give way to despair or feel that life had no more to offer them.

When the authorities decided to erect a monument to four servants of the Home who had fallen in the war old

Anthony Messenger came forward and volunteered to make one out of the remains of an old stone wall.

"I may be old," he said, "but I'm not too old to do my bit in honour of our heroes."

So he gathered together his failing forces, and, toiling early and late, achieved with his frail hands a memorial which all pronounced to be a work of art. How proud his Theresa was of him when the work was finished!

He had shown that it is possible to rise out of the ruck even in an almshouse, for after his achievement he was treated with a new respect by all his little world; and his faithful wife shared in his glory.

All of which explains in a measure the excitement over the impending anniversary; but one cannot help thinking that the real explanation lies in the fact that Anthony and Theresa are a very lovable old couple.

### TWO HEARTS AND TWO STORIES

PLENTY OF KINDNESS  
IN THE WORLD

The Man Who Lost His Arm and  
the Man Who Lost His Country

#### HELPING ONE ANOTHER

From Paris come these two stories to prove that, though the world may be upside down, human hearts are still where they were.

The other evening a regular client at a Paris restaurant took along with him the programme of the Chicago Architects Fête; for he knew the proprietor would be delighted to see that, among others of the best-known haunts of the Latin Quarter, his café was included in the plan of the festivity.

These Chicago architects, in their attempt to raise money for the unemployed among them, had decided to hark back to the merriest days of their lives, and to reproduce for one night the care-free spirit of their student days in Paris.

The proprietor was indeed pleased to think that in far-off Chicago his café was remembered, but it made him sad that so many of the jolly students who had spent their evenings under his roof were now grown men in want.

"To whom should I send a subscription?" he asked. "I would like to add my mite to their fund."

#### A Simple Poilu

The other story concerns Émile, a simple Poilu in the war, and a General who had held a high post in the Russian Army. Émile lost his right arm, but the General lost his country.

Side by side they worked together in a Paris office, Émile sorting the post and the General doing up parcels. But a few weeks ago the staff was cut down and the General was sent away.

Émile has four children, and his life is not easy, but nothing could harden a heart like his. He was distraught when he heard of the ill-luck that had befallen the General, one of the kindest men in the world, well over 60.

"If only they had held a staff meeting," he said. "I am sure everyone in the place would agree to take a few francs less if the old General could have been kept on. I myself would gladly give fifty francs a month to help toward his pay."

As we have often remarked, the world would be all right if only the Émiles of all countries could have more say in it.

#### ITALY'S AMNESTY

The amnesty granted to political prisoners in Italy has proved to be more far-reaching than its terms at first suggested, and we are glad to be able to state that the amnesty does apply to the political offenders confined on the Lipari Islands and in exile in foreign lands.



## THE BRITISH NOTE

### WHAT WE TOLD U.S.A.

#### The Reasons Why the Debts Should Not Be Paid

#### PLAIN FACTS FOR THE WORLD

The Note which our Government sent to America giving the reasons why it wished for a postponement of the payment due this week surveyed the whole history of the War Debts and their general effect on the world. We give here a brief summary of this Note.

The loans were received not in money but in goods, America lending £2,000,000,000, England £1,600,000,000, and France £460,000,000. It was realised that the repayment of these debts was an impossibility in the ordinary methods of commerce, so they were funded with the repayment of low annual sums to begin with. It was possible to pay up to the year 1929 because America was lending vast sums to European countries which enabled Germany to pay reparations to the Allies, most of which was credited to America.

#### Illusory Prosperity

The prosperity caused by these new loans was illusory, and when the crash came American lenders began to withdraw all the loans they could, thus threatening currencies, undermining confidence, and causing debtor countries to raise taxes and reduce expenditure.

War debts, which are for unproductive goods, differ from commercial debts, which add to the wealth of the borrower and lender alike, but both can only be repaid in the long run by goods and services. As the creditor countries have refused to accept payments in goods, they have compelled their debtors to pay in gold and have thus forced down prices of commodities, ruining producers in creditor and debtor countries alike.

#### How the Burden Has Increased

On our part we have made unprecedented efforts on all sides. During the war we spent £2,400,000,000 in America, only a third of this sum being met by borrowing from its Government; in fact, we made over to America £600,000,000 in gold and securities. We have repaid altogether £620,000,000.

But from the £1,600,000,000 lent by us to our Allies we have received nothing for ourselves, with the result that the American taxpayers have received £434,000,000 and our own tax-payers have paid £134,000,000 to them.

Three things have increased the burden of our debts:

1. Because of the disturbance in currency we have to repay half as much again.
2. Because of the drop in prices we have to repay twice the value in goods.
3. Because of the tariff walls of America we cannot pay in goods.

This third reason is elaborated in the Note, showing that the total trade between the two countries has gone down from £300,000,000, when the Funding Agreement was made, to £100,000,000.

#### The Lausanne Agreement

Payment by us will oblige us to reopen the question of debts due to us from European countries and Germany will be asked to pay Reparations again. This means that the Lausanne Agreement could not be ratified, and all the confidence which followed it would be undone with fatal results to Europe.

The gold reserves of the British Government are not sufficient to cover the instalment due, and the reserves of the Bank of England are only large enough for the responsibilities of London as the financial centre of the world.

The Note concluded with a declaration that the resumption of war debt payments would lead to further falls in commodity prices from which no nation would be exempt, and expressed a belief that a mutual discussion would help to revive world prosperity.

## TWO NATIONS AT THE COUNCIL TABLE

### WHAT IT WAS REALLY LIKE

#### Japan Face To Face With World Opinion

#### THE MIRACLE THAT MIGHT BE

A C.N. friend who has been looking on at the Manchuria discussion at Geneva sends us an informal account of what happened, which we think will interest our readers. The following is from her letter.

The chief impression I had during those long speeches was the change since last year. It is now no longer China that is pleading; it is Japan.

China is backed by the Lytton Report, which she accepts; Japan does not accept the Report and thereby puts herself in the wrong. Her delegate gives the strong impression of pleading a lost cause and knowing it.

#### Japan and the Commission

After the first speeches the President stated that the Council would ask the Commission to meet to consider whether, in the light of these speeches, it wished to modify or make any change in its conclusions. Japan resisted strongly, saying that, in its opinion, the Commission was no longer in existence now that its Report is presented. M. Benes said that in his opinion the Commission stayed in existence until the Council dissolved it, which is obviously the case. Then Japan said "Well, if you insist on letting the Commission come to the Council table, you must be prepared to allow me to quizz it as much as I like, and that may take perhaps a week, perhaps a month." However, Lord Lytton very wisely said that the Commission had nothing to modify or to add.

#### Referred to the Assembly

The next thing was to give Japan the week-end in which to say what it wanted about sending the whole thing to the Assembly. Accordingly, the Council met. Japan made a statement that it still retained its opinion that the Commission is no longer in existence and that, as to the Assembly, it would abstain from voting. The Council's discussion on the Report was therefore stated to be closed and the matter was referred to the Extraordinary Assembly.

There was something fantastic about this Council. As last year, they all sat silent; nothing could rouse them. It seemed as if China and Japan could go on until Domesday and nothing would stop them. China's advocate was infinitely more clever than Japan's, subtle, sarcastic, speaking perfect English and no longer pleading. Japan was the prisoner at the bar. It seemed that the die had been cast—for China.

#### The Issues at Stake

And yet the issue is not really between China and Japan but between security and insecurity for the world, based on treaties and obligations and the pledged word. It is that which is at stake and with it the whole value of the League and the foundation of the new international order it was founded to build.

Japan has its supreme opportunity, to tread the kingly way. If it would make the great sacrifice, renounce its claim to Manchuria, withdraw its troops, for the sake of something higher than itself: this international order, this purpose of maintaining peace of which she talks, she could at one jump place herself at the head of the nations. She could, one imagines, the more easily persuade her people to this because the idea of self-sacrifice is ingrained in them.

Such an act would wipe out all past sins, would be acclaimed by the whole world, would put Japan on a pinnacle, and would be a guarantee for present and future peace such as no other solution can possibly provide.

But it is a dream, and needs a miracle for its realisation!

## GOOD NEIGHBOURS

### AN IDEA FROM A TOY

#### How the Kindly Customs Men Passed the Little Wagon

#### BATH DOES ONE MORE GOOD THING

A child's wagon in the Place Gutenberg in old Strasbourg, an idea in the head of an English traveller, and, lo and behold! almost a fairy tale as the result of it all. Here is the story.

In the early part of the year a Good Neighbours Club was started for the unemployed in Bath. A small beginning in the way of carpentering was made, and a friend of the men bethought her of the delightful children's wagons of universal use in Switzerland and Germany.

She suggested to the men that they should learn to make them for the children in our country.

"When we go on our holiday," she said, "we will try to bring one back from the Black Forest for you to copy, and we will make them to give joy to children."

#### To Give Joy to the Children

But it was in Strasbourg that the model was bought in the end. The shop-keeper who sold it to the English travellers was full of sympathy for the object in view, and he obligingly removed the wheels and handle of the wagon in order that it might be possible to put it on the rear of their car.

His sympathy was repeated at the various Customs through which it had to pass. The Customs officials waved it through with a smile. "It is to give joy to the children," said they. At Dover the authorities were equally lenient. Triumphant, it entered the city of Bath and the men at the Good Neighbours Club lost no time in making a copy of it. Then arose the difficulty of the wooden wheels. It was long before a local wheelwright could be found to make them, and in the search for ready-made ones a wonderful thing happened. A large shed was discovered in which were lying unused and gradually decaying a number of delightful toys, the property of a firm of cabinet-makers who had discarded the toy industry.

There were Kate Greenaway trolleys, engines, wheelbarrows, and (wonder of wonders) wagons very like those of Germany and Switzerland, but varying in shape.

#### Good Work in Full Swing

The firm was approached and asked if the men of the club might have these things, and they kindly gave consent. Friends sent lorries to collect them; a local citizen provided workshop and garages at a nominal rent in which to store them. By the middle of the summer the wagon-making and toy-repairing were in full swing. The toys were painted gaily and it was decided to sell them as gifts for children's homes and orphanages and for the little ones of the unemployed, the money raised being devoted to the purchase of tools and leather for boot and shoe repairing among the families of the unemployed. Purchasers were not lacking, and great was the joy of the children who received them. One little group sent a rainbow letter of thanks as gaily coloured as their wagon.

So the original wagon from Strasbourg has achieved much. It was a pleasant surprise to the toymakers when they were granted a free corner at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the Bath Assembly Rooms, and great was the interest aroused in the Good Neighbours Club.

Picture on page 9

### Your Share of the Peace of the World

For 12s a year you may send the C.N. each week to any child on Earth

## A NEW STEEL CITY

### Firm With 500 Million Tons of Ore

#### WORK FOR THOUSANDS IN A MIDLANDS IRONFIELD

Just when it is most needed British industry has received a wonderful impetus.

For long the iron and steel industry has been on the decline, but now comes the announcement of a great development of the iron-ore fields of Northamptonshire which will provide work for thousands of men.

Messrs Stewarts & Lloyds, a well-known Glasgow firm of iron and steel tube manufacturers, is behind the development. In the past the company has been compelled to import steel from abroad, but it was realised that the best way to ensure supplies was to produce their own raw material.

A subsidiary company has works at Corby in Northamptonshire, and many experiments have proved that the iron ores found in the district are eminently suitable for the production of basic Bessemer steel.

#### The Development Programme

In the Northamptonshire iron-ore fields Stewarts & Lloyds now control 500 million tons of ore, reserves sufficient to guarantee their output for a great number of years.

Developing these reserves and experiments to prove their worth have been very costly, but now a further £3,000,000 is to be spent on new plant at Corby for the conversion of the ores into iron and steel and steel tubes.

At present about a thousand men are employed at the Corby works, but many thousands more will be required when the development programme has been carried out; and the material required in the construction work will benefit industry in many parts of the country.

The little town of Corby will develop into a big centre of the steel industry, and plans are already in hand for the construction of 500 new houses for the workers and others. New railway sidings, also, will be needed, for there will be much traffic for the railways.

It is good to know that in these troubled days there are firms willing to go ahead with such a vast scheme and also that there are bankers who are bold enough to give the scheme financial support. It is confidence of this type that will cure the world's ills.

## THINGS SAID

Tote clubs are a moral canker.

Sir Alfred Butt

There is no Indian Rope Trick.

Sir E. Denison Ross

If we cannot avoid war nothing else matters.

Mr Hamilton Fyfe

The noblest patriotism seeks a glory based not on world-domination but on world-service.

Headmaster of Rugby

An enormous fortune awaits anybody who will discover how to make cold light commercially.

Professor Andrade

It might be possible for those who have to adopt for 20 weeks a family of those who have not.

Mrs Stanley Baldwin

The daily press is largely a record of men who have failed in the battle of life.

Bishop of Stepney

In a year 1,248,000,000 British people pay £41,600,000 for kinemas, of which about £7,000,000 is Entertainment Tax.

Mr Seton Margrave

In the last 12 months we have had over 100,000 new contributors to hospitals.

Hospital Saving Association

The day will come when the whole coast from Brighton to Bognor will be one prosperous town.

Lord Leconfield

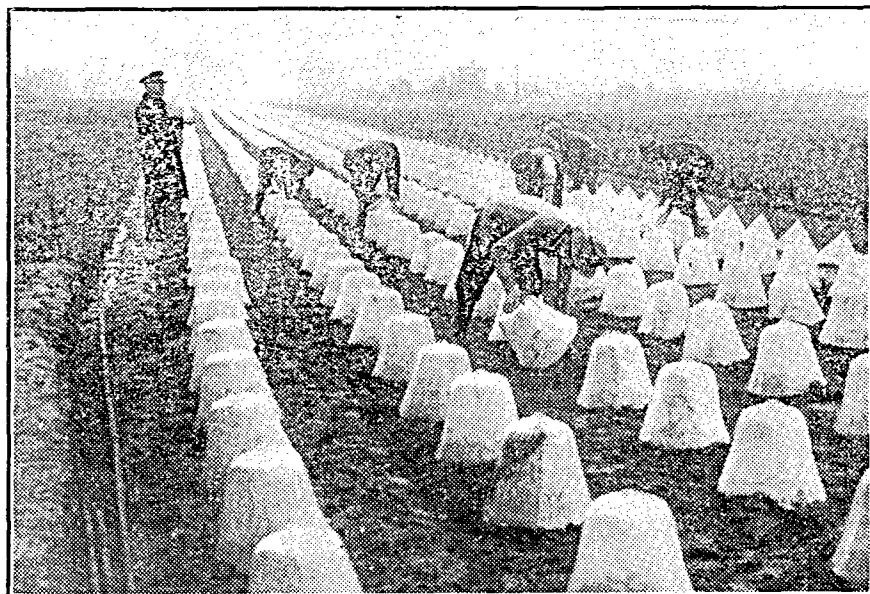


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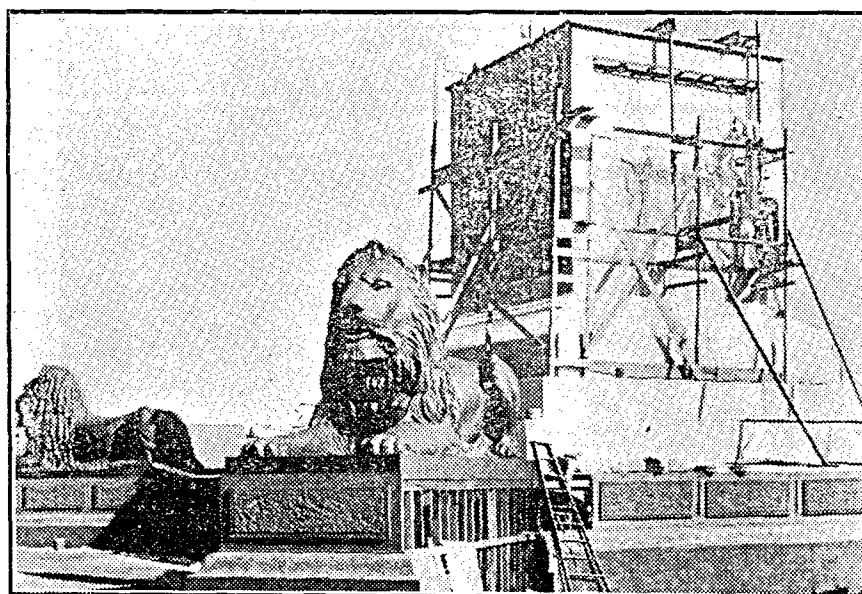
*The Children's Newspaper*

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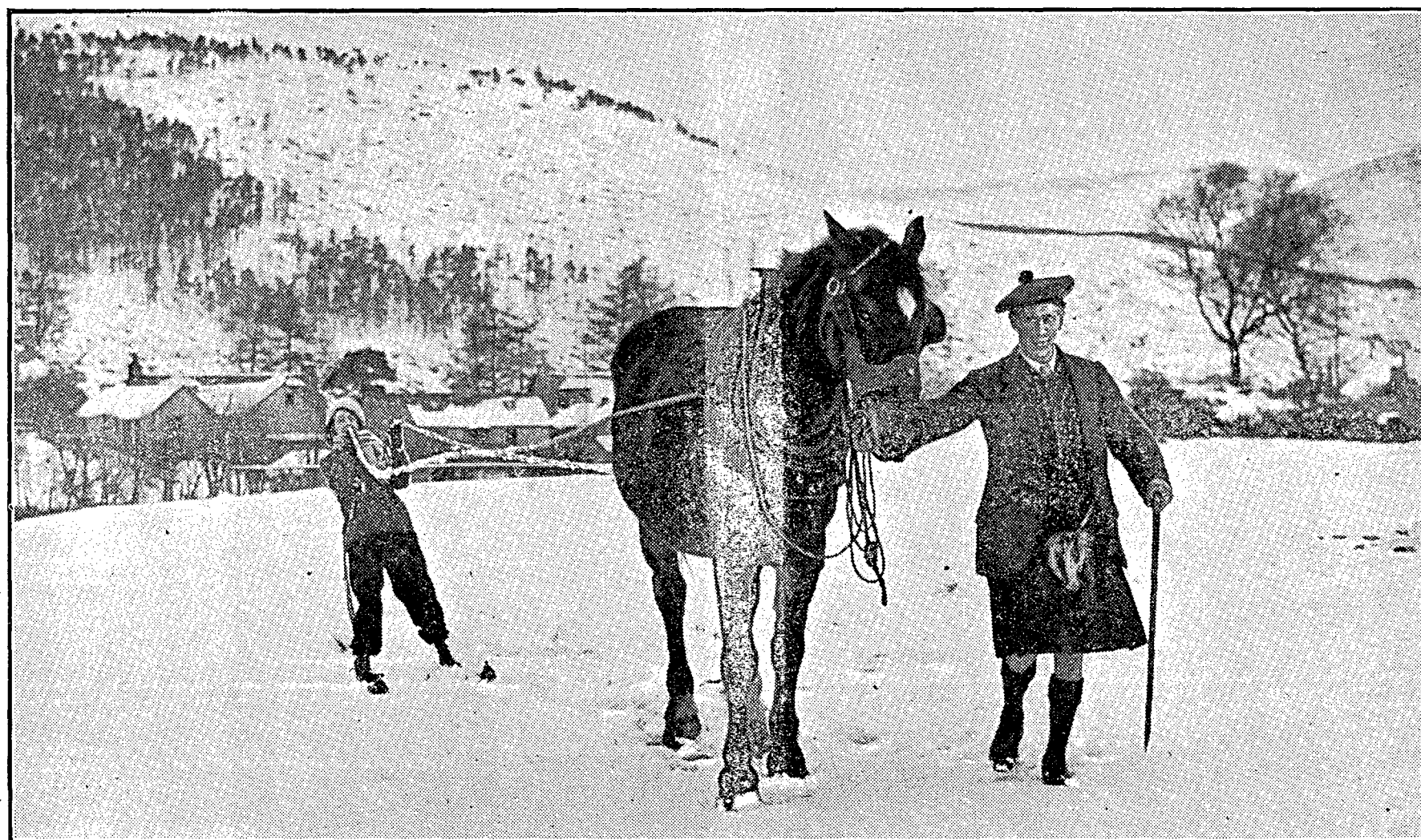
# CIRCULAR RAILWAY STATION · WINTER SPORTS · LONDON IN CALIFORNIA



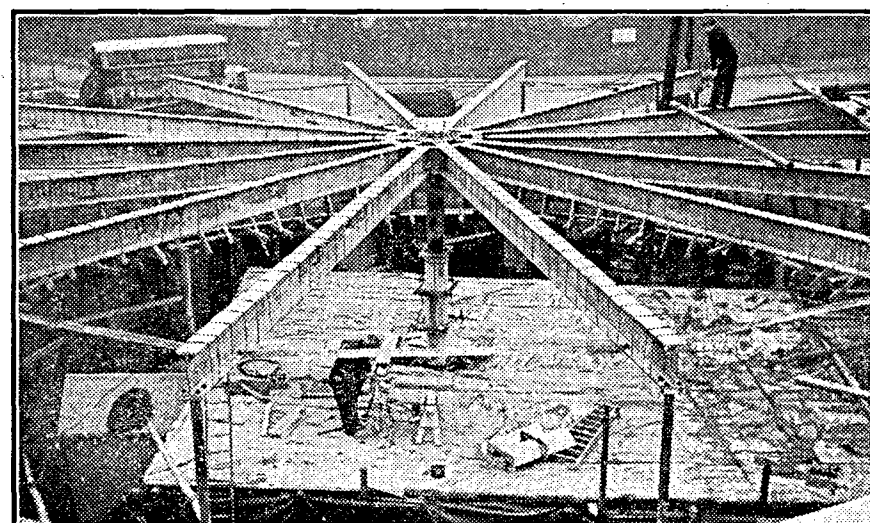
**Cabbages Under Glass**—The Salvation Army has a Land Industrial Colony at Hadleigh in Essex, where hundreds of glass bells are used to force cabbages.



**Trafalgar Square in California**—For a film which is being produced in Hollywood a replica of Nelson's column has been built. The copies of the Landseer lions are shown here.



**Winter Sports in the Highlands**—The recent snow in Scotland has afforded splendid opportunities for winter sports, as we see by this picture taken at Braemar.



**Circular Railway Station**—A round station is being built at Southgate, on the Piccadilly Tube extension to Cockfosters. The line will be completed by the spring.



**A Pennyworth of Fun**—The bandstand enclosure on Southsea Common has been opened to young roller-skaters at a charge of one penny. Here we see the result of a hockey match.



## KINTHUP THE TAILOR

### STIRRING LITTLE STORY FROM THE EAST

Man Who Was Ready To Give His Life For Geography

#### A STUPID TAUNT

*Four and twenty tailors went to catch a snail; The best man among them durst not touch her tail.*

So ran the old taunt. In those days brawny archers and ploughmen made fun of the men who were too delicate to do anything but sit and sew.

It took ten tailors to make one man, they used to say.

But one of the bravest men who ever lived was a tailor called Kinthup, whose story is enough to kill the stupid taunt for ever.

#### Sold Into Slavery

This wonderful tale is related in Sir George Dunbar's new book, *Frontiers*.

Kinthup was a native of Sikkim and kept a little shop in Darjeeling during last century. He seemed an ordinary sort of tradesman, but in his heart burned the fire that set Drake and Columbus sailing into the unknown.

One day in 1880 the little tailor started off to trace the course of the Tsang-po River. Years and years went by. Everyone thought Kinthup was dead, and small wonder, for he was venturing into perilous places and among cruel people.

The truth was that Kinthup was alive, but had narrowly escaped death more than once. He was betrayed and sold into slavery; he escaped, and was trying to get through Tibet when he found that he had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. But at the last moment a kind-hearted Tibetan monk ransomed him.

#### Many Adventures

For three long years Kinthup worked for his rescuer, and then a day came when he had a chance to get to Lhasa, from where he wrote to the Government of India. He said he had marked a number of logs and hidden them in a cave; on a certain date he would throw them into the river, and if they appeared in India the course of the Tsang-po would be known beyond doubt.

Sad to tell, the logs were not found; but Kinthup had done his best.

After many adventures the little tailor got back to India and told all he had seen. Some people have thrown doubts on his truthfulness because he made a few slips, but Sir George Dunbar makes short work of them. He says:

"Imagine seeing the number of villages Kinthup visited in three years, and, instead of writing-up a diary each evening, being obliged to rely on one's memory until one came out of the country; and then to be told one hasn't got some of the village names right."

There is no reason for doubting the word of the little tailor who nearly laid down his life for geography. It is pleasant to find his doings chronicled anew, for he deserves to be remembered.

### THE LEAGUE'S GOOD TURN FOR THE MOTORIST

Good news for motorists! From next May they can tour in certain countries of Europe free of taxes.

The League Convention which brings this about has now received enough ratifications for it to enter into force, Belgium completing the necessary number of five. The other ratifying States are Great Britain, Denmark, Portugal, and Bulgaria. Six months after November 9, the date of arrival of Belgium's ratification at the Secretariat, touring cars visiting foreign countries will be exempted from taxes and charges for a period of 90 days a year.

## Pour the Slag Heaps Into the Chalk Pits

IN the Parliamentary Debate on the Address Mr Edward Doran celebrated his birthday by presenting to the House of Commons an idea for helping with Unemployment in which the C.N. can take all the pride of a parent, for the idea is its own.

It is more than a year ago that the C.N., impressed by the sight of disused and derelict chalk pits on the one hand, and disfiguring slag heaps on the other hand, suggested that the gashes of the one should be filled with the refuse of the other.

#### Two Birds With One Stone

The same proposal, arising in the same way as a result of travelling through the countryside, and differing from it only in the substitution of slag heaps for cinders, and gravel pits for chalk pits, is made by Mr Doran. He saw the slag heaps at Manchester, Newcastle, and Middlesbrough, and we do not doubt that he could find them at many other places. He discovered the gaping gravel pits in their thousands along the Great West Road, or by the roads leading from the North through the Cotswolds to the South. If the slag heaps from the North could be dumped in the holes in the South the face of the land would be restored. There would be plenty of work for idle men in doing it.

It is exactly the proposition the C.N. made. Two birds would be killed with one stone, two eyesores removed by one act. But Mr Doran's scheme should speak for itself. Here is the way he put it to the House of Commons.

#### Eyesore to the Countryside

I, LIKE many other hon. Members of the House, have travelled throughout the length and breadth of this country. We have witnessed in many towns many things which we have not liked.

For instance, when I have gone to that wonderful and salubrious atmosphere of Manchester, where the Sun is always shining, I have noticed in the neighbourhood many gigantic slag heaps which are really eyesores. When I visit Newcastle I see the same thing. When I go to Middlesbrough, and also to many towns in the Midlands, I see those artificial mountains of slag not only as an eyesore to the towns, but as occupying many very valuable land sites. They are utterly useless to the community.

In my travels I have left Manchester and gone through the Cotswolds into Derbyshire and along the Great West

Road, and I have seen thousands of gravel pits long since abandoned, many of them filled with water. They are also an eyesore to the countryside.

At this moment, when the railways are so frightfully handicapped and when we know that they are so anxious to keep up their whole complement of men, I seriously suggest to the Government of this country that they should enter into an agreement to subsidise the railways and transport, that they should get into touch with the councils of these various towns, and agree to take this slag from the North in order to fill up the gravel pits in the South and thereby reclaim the land which has been lost for many years.

Impracticable as my scheme may seem, if you transferred those slag heaps from the North to the South you would gain extra land equal to Lancashire and Yorkshire combined. In other words, it would add two counties to the country. There are many road-making firms in London who require slag for ordinary road-making. The transport difficulty is a very great one, but they would be willing to purchase the slag from the Government if they could get it at anything like an economical rate.

I am only making a suggestion. I leave it to the experts of the Government Departments to think out the details. The man who can show where two blades of grass will grow where one blade grew before is the man who will be of benefit to this country.

#### The Example of Brynmawr

The last words in Mr Doran's appeal afford a suggestion which the C.N. is happy to enlarge. "Two blades of grass where one grew before." It is an ideal not merely of employing more men and more effort, but of making the result beautiful as well as useful.

At Brynmawr on the Usk, to which the coal brought ugliness as well as former prosperity, the townspeople in the time of depression turned to the task of removing the town's eyesores. The coal-tip has become a beautiful eminence. The abode of rubbish has become a garden, with a swimming-bath and a paddling-pool. We do not consider this as an extreme instance.

Wherever there are willing hands there is work to do in clearing-up the country, making it a better place to live in, and at the same time healthier and wealthier. Let Parliament look into what is being done outside, and get to work itself in doing things.

## THE NEW ELECTRIC ENGINE

THE railways of Argentina owe a great deal to British enterprise. The chief lines were built with English money and many of them are still British owned.

One of these railways, the Buenos Aires Great Southern, will soon be receiving new British equipment which is the last word in railway progress. It will consist of a new type of Diesel-electric locomotive built in the Scotswood works at Newcastle of Armstrong, Whitworth.

This locomotive burns heavy oil to generate electricity, which is the actual driving force.

The Diesel-electric train is gaining ground in many countries for it has the advantages of the ordinary electric train (ease of starting and rapid acceleration, and cleanliness in operation) without the necessity for using a third rail or overhead cable from which to pick up electricity.

One of the locomotives built at Newcastle is a giant weighing 148 tons, and it develops 1700 horse-power. It is the second largest in the world.

The locomotive's fuel capacity is two and three-quarter tons, sufficient to haul a heavy goods train a thousand

miles. It is said that the cost of operation is less than half that for a similar train hauled by steam power.

The C.N. has mentioned before the experimental Diesel-electric motor-train which the L.N.E.R. has been running in the Newcastle district. Another has been used for shunting. These have been working for more than six months and the L.N.E.R. and the Armstrong, Whitworth company have gained much useful information from them.

The motor-train, which can carry 60 passengers, travelled 25,000 miles in six months at a cost of only three-farthings a mile for fuel. This is equivalent to a journey round the world at a cost of less than 30 shillings for each passenger.

Another Diesel-electric locomotive capable of hauling long-distance express trains is being built for the L.N.E.R.

It has been calculated that if this type of locomotive were in general use on British railways there would be a saving in fuel costs of 22 million pounds a year.

It is yet too early to say that the steam train is doomed, but it seems as though, before long, it will be engaged in a struggle for existence.

## A DREAM COME TRUE

Einstein's Idea of Heaven

### A NEW UNIVERSITY FOR AMERICA

Dr Flexner probably knows more about modern universities than any other man in the world.

He put a great deal of this knowledge into his recent book on the Universities of America, Germany, and Britain, and then suddenly he found himself in the position to start a university himself and to turn his dreams into reality.

A large sum of money was offered him, and he at once set about founding in New Jersey a place where research and knowledge should no longer have to give place to games, examinations, and big business.

His is the original idea of letting a university grow round great minds and scholars, rather than preparing a building and drawing up a scheme which might or might not attract the sort of men he wanted.

#### A Good Beginning

The first men Dr Flexner picked on were Einstein and Professor Veblen, one of the finest American mathematicians; and, having got their idea of what they would like their department to be, he set about building it and filling it with the right staff. The right research students naturally followed, and this department of Mathematical and Theoretical Physics will shortly be opened as the first part of Dr Flexner's New Institute for Advanced Studies.

Einstein himself has described it as his idea of heaven. Six months of his year will be spent here and the other six in Germany.

Now Dr Flexner is looking round for the man who will be the corner-stone of the next department in his ideal university.

## THIS VERY MAD WORLD

### Little Miss Depression

#### BURNING THE BULBS

The papers have been telling us of an American father who has had his newborn daughter christened Depression.

Whether he has given her two names and calls her Economic Depression, or just Depression, has not transpired, but either way is bad enough. Surely it is an incongruous thing that a baby should in any way, even by mere association, be connected with the dark cloud which the war has left brooding over mankind.

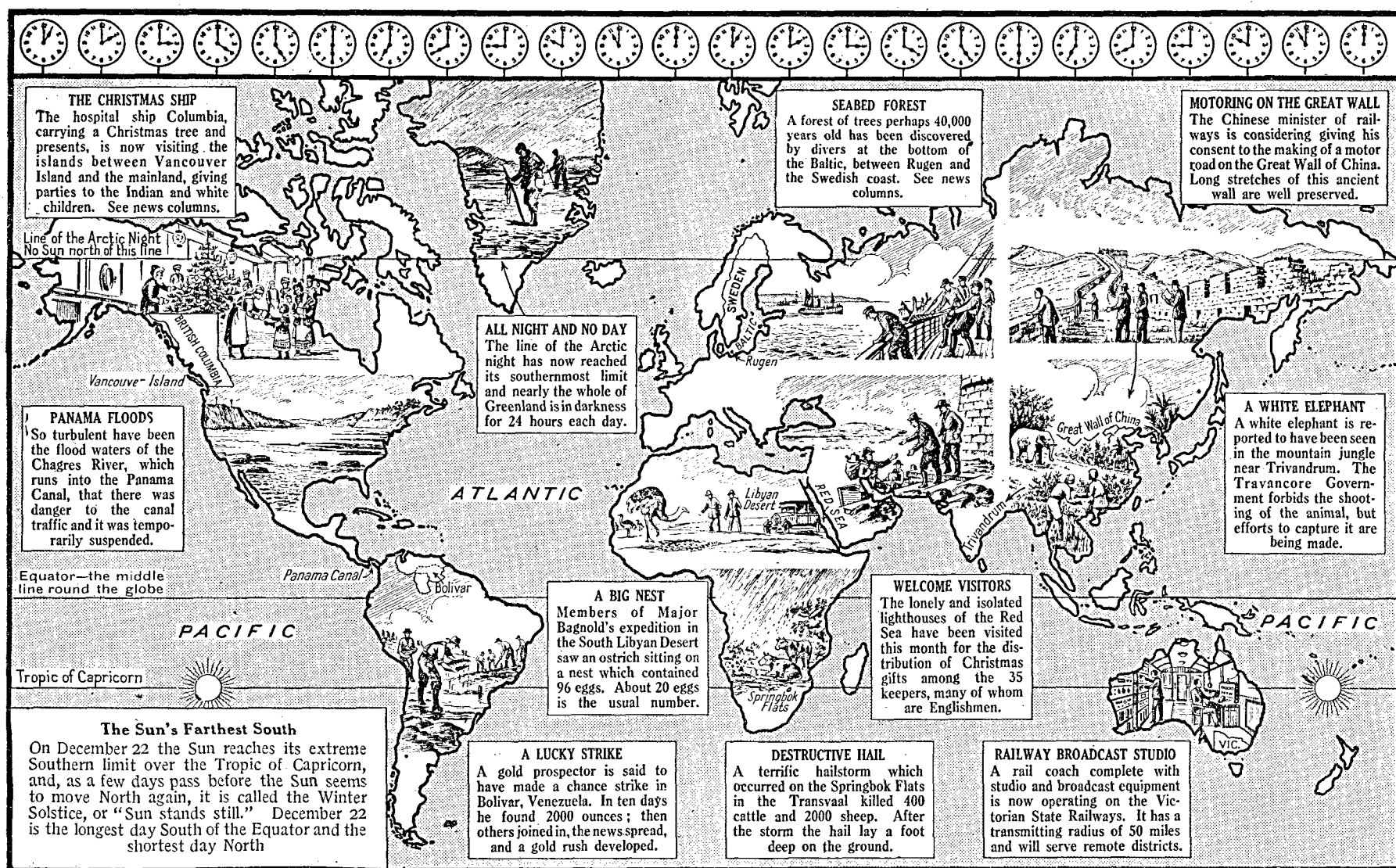
But it is not more incongruous than that the gay little tulips which have made Dutch gardening famous should have to suffer because of the economic crisis of the world. They bloomed so happily and multiplied so industriously, silently doing their bit to make the world lovelier and so happier, and now they are being destroyed in great quantities in a vain endeavour to keep up the price of the remainder.

The madness which has made the Brazilian coffee-planters burn their coffee to keep its price up has seized upon the Dutch tulip-growers, and they have destroyed hundreds of thousands of tulip bulbs lest they should have to sell them at a lower price than they regard as right and proper. Yet the trouble is not over-production—how could it be, with so many sick-beds and cheerless homes crying out for the solace that flowers can bring? The trouble is the lack of the wherewithal to buy. What prospect is there that hard-up people will buy more bulbs just because they are rarer and therefore dearer?

Future generations will look back with wonder at an age when precious things were destroyed to serve private ends, things which thousands of people hungered and pined for and had, sadly or despairingly, to do without.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## CHRISTMAS BOOKS Something For Every Boy and Girl

So far as boys and girls are concerned it is always safe to give good illustrated books for Christmas, and there is, as usual, a large selection of these.

The School Friend Annual (6s) is excellent for girls, full of the most interesting and exciting stories by popular authors. It has a play called Forty Winks and a number of interesting poems. The pictures are particularly good and there are three colour plates.

Another book for girls is the British Girl's Annual (5s). It has a long complete school story and about a score of other exciting tales. It is well illustrated in black-and-white and colour.

For girls who like a book which tells them of things they can make and do the Good Needlework Gift Book (6s) is crammed with illustrations, many coloured, and any girl who likes to use her needle will find here hints and designs for patchwork, embroidery of all kinds, plain sewing, doll-making, and so on.

The Popular Book of Boy's Stories is a marvellous half-crown's-worth for any boy who is fond of exciting adventure; and a book that will suit younger boys and girls is Cassell's Children's Annual (5s), with many interesting stories of lost treasure, Red Indians of the prairie, and the days of Drake. There are also school stories and fairy tales, and the book is splendidly illustrated.

For younger children three favourites are Chick's Own, Bubbles Annual, and the Bruin Boys Annual, all at 3s 6d, profusely illustrated and full of colour. Bubbles Annual, which is for rather older children, has splendid adventure stories and picture stories, including the doings of the Bunty Boys and Merriks School. Then there are tricks and puzzles and optical illusions, and everything that delights boys and girls.

## WORDSWORTH PULLED HIS HAIR

The giants of last century seem so far away to us, yet a man of 90 has just died who remembered Wordsworth pulling his hair and telling him to brighten up.

He was a boy then, and Wordsworth happened to look in at the village school near his Lakeland cottage just as this youngster was standing awkwardly in front of the teacher, unable to answer a question.

"Jenny kissed me," sang one poet in triumph, meaning by Jenny Mrs Carlyle. "Wordsworth pulled my hair" was the boast of this oldest inhabitant of Ambleside.

## BUSY BEES

Busy Bees are the names of members of the children's guild which helps the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, and some of them have been hard at work wielding the paintbrush and needle in aid of this good cause.

At an exhibition of children's handicrafts there were painted ducks, calendars, pin-cushions, and needlecases sent in for competition by Busy Bees, all on sale after the prizes had been awarded.

The poorest children may join this Guild, for there is no subscription. One boy started a garden market and in a year this Busy Bee made £6 out of produce for the society.

## AGED 100

The Paris Academy of Medicine has just celebrated the centenary of one of its members, Dr Guéniot, who is still practising.

He says everyone ought to live to be 100. Many animals live more than five times the period between their birth and their adult age. A dog is full grown at two, and may easily live beyond the age of ten. So if a man is full grown at 20 he ought to live at least five times 20, that is to say until he is 100.

## THE MERMAID'S FOREST Trees 40,000 Years Old in the Sea

A forest of trees tens of thousands of years old has been discovered by divers at the bottom of the Baltic, between Rugen and the Swedish coast.

The scientists have yet to report, but if the account of the divers is accurate here are trees twenty to forty thousand years old, some still standing erect, at a depth of from 100 to 125 feet. Down in these depths they are not shaken by the movement of the waves, and are safe from the destructive action of air.

It has been known for years that the Baltic covered many a mighty forest, for one of the chief harvests of that part of the world is the amber cast up by the waves.

Shops of Danzig are full of this fossil resin, in large uncut blocks or daintily shaped trinkets. Nowhere is amber more cheaply bought, and some of it may have come from this forest lately found by the divers, who hauled up their catch from among the branches where birds once perched.

See World Map

## GERMANY'S NEW CHANCELLOR

A soldier, General von Schleicher, has been appointed Chancellor of Germany.

For some months he has been the power in the background of the Government of the Republic, and now he is called to assume the full responsibility which has hitherto been wielded in the new Germany by a civilian.

Despite his outspoken demands for more military strength for his country, which have caused misgivings in France and other European countries, General von Schleicher has a reputation as a negotiator of intelligence and as a politician who appreciates the point of view of the workers and their unions.

It is to be hoped that he will be able to maintain the Parliamentary system of government in the nation of which he is so devoted a servant.

## LONDON TO PARIS WITHOUT A CHANGE A New Ferry Service Across the Channel

England is to have another link with the Continent.

The Southern Railway is to start a train ferry service between England and France. Dover will be the port on this side of the Channel and Dunkirk is likely to be used on the other side.

Although the new ferry, which will be ready for service in the summer of 1934, is intended chiefly for goods traffic there will be accommodation for a limited number of passengers at first. Eventually it is hoped to run sleeping-trains between London and Paris and farther afield.

Three ferry vessels are to be built, and their designers will have the advantage of the inquiries which have been made concerning the working of train ferries in many parts of the world.

There are already train links between England and the Continent by way of Harwich and Calais and Zeebrugge, but these services are for goods only. During the war, also, the Richborough train ferry was used for taking troops and stores to France.

The advantages of the new service will quickly become apparent owing to the saving of time and trouble at the ports, and the time may not be far distant when English passenger trains will be familiar in many parts of Europe and even as far away as Constantinople.

## THE MERSEY TUNNEL

So greatly is the cost of the new tunnel under the Mersey exceeding the estimate that the Liverpool City Council are seeking powers to charge tolls for 40 instead of 25 years.

The construction of this huge tunnel was expected to cost £5,000,000, but it is likely to cost £2,700,000 more, owing to unforeseen difficulties. It is hoped that it will be opened in May, 1934.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 17 1932

## A Word From America's Motherland

The British Note to America on War Debts is one of the greatest State Papers ever sent from one nation to another. It is meant to be understood by the American People and it is as plain a piece of wisdom as could be devised. It is a plain statement of one of the most complex situations in the world.

We give here one or two notable passages.

THESE debts are radically different from the commercial loans raised by foreign Governments on the markets for productive purposes. Such commercial loans are normally self-liquidating. The market loans thus raised during the last hundred years have converted whole territories from desolate swamps or uninhabited plains to flourishing provinces teeming with human life and producing great additions to the real wealth of the world.

But reparations and war debts represent expenditure on destruction. Fertile fields were rendered barren and populous cities a shattered ruin. Such expenditure, instead of producing a slow and steady accumulation of wealth, destroys in a few hours the stored-up riches of the past.

Like the shells on which they were largely spent, these loans were blown to pieces. They have produced nothing to repay them.

The immediate loss which both the United Kingdom and the United States of America taxpayers would suffer from a reconsideration of war debts cannot be measured in the same scales as the untold loss of wealth and the human misery caused by the present economic crisis.

The value of international trade had already six months ago decreased in three years by 50 per cent, or by the equivalent of 5,000,000 dollars for every hour, night and day that passes, and the situation has since deteriorated even farther.

It will not profit a creditor country to collect a few million pounds or dollars if it thereby perpetuates a world disorder which, reacting on itself, involves losses of revenue many times greater; and a settlement, however generous it may seem, which relieves the economic machinery of the world by clearing up these inter-Governmental payments would be repaid again and again by the contribution which it would make to world revival.

For this loss and suffering is not due to the niggardliness of Nature. The triumphs of physical science are ever growing, and the vast potentialities of the production of real wealth remain.

It is in the power of the Governments of the world, and particularly of the United States of America and of the United Kingdom as the two greatest creditor nations, if they unite in cooperation to make the first step toward averting disaster, financial, economic, and political.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Disarmament Begins

IT is wonderful as we look through the corridors of time to see the small beginnings of great events, and one item in the news is not to be ignored.

*The entire army of the State of Monaco is to be disbanded.*

The army is 250 strong, and the soldiers in their red and white plumed helmets and their red, white, and blue uniforms have always been an attractive sight in the great gambling town of Monte Carlo.

## The Plus

WE read that in the midst of a great crisis the other day officials in plus fours were seen hastening to Whitehall. Now something will be done.

## What They Owe Us

WE are still the greatest creditor nation in the world; the country, which apart from war debts, is owed by the rest of the world four thousand million pounds, four times as much as we owe the United States. Mr Amery, M.P.

## The Sunday Film

CROYDON has voted for Sunday films and they are to be apparently respectable.

We must all be thankful for respectable films, and we hope that those who have secured the respectability of the cinema on Sunday will now show equal enthusiasm in keeping it clean on Monday.

## Thanks To America

WHILE many things are being said about America let two things be remembered that have come into this week's news.

1. *The Rockefeller Trustees are giving £3000 a year for three years to provide African peoples with dictionaries of their languages.*

2. *The Pilgrim Trust has actually saved the beauty of Oxford when Oxford itself was allowing it to be destroyed.*

Both these things are done with American dollars spent in this country.

## Miss Litter Lout

THE Litter Lout is everywhere, but who would expect to find her (this time it was *her*) in such a good place as the Little Theatre, at such a good play as Mr Galsworthy's Silver Box?

She sat in front of us with a box of chocolates somebody had given her, and she littered the floor in front of her with fifty bits of paper from the box, scattered over an area of about one square yard.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
John Dryden

## Chrysanthemum Street

WE do not remember a more sudden delight than came to us on turning a corner in Kent the other day.

We were turning off the Canterbury road to look once more at that quaint place called Conyer's Quay when we came upon a street of little gardens in front of their houses, half the gardens with men and women working in them on a Saturday afternoon, and all filled with chrysanthemums, a veritably glowing picture.

We fear it will have vanished now, but we send our compliments to Green Street on the way to Conyer's Quay, and thank it for this delightful piece of traveller's joy.

## Tip-Cat

FARMERS, we are told, should concentrate their efforts. But we don't want condensed milk.

LEAP FROG is good for obesity. Helps you to get over it.

THE law is not a thing any man can pick up, declares a barrister. He must not take it into his own hands.

THE present generation will take a lot of beating, says one of them. But who will be brave enough to give it to them?



If a duck means nothing to batsmen

YOUTH is in too much of a hurry. Yet age overtakes it.

A PEDESTRIAN complains of the dangerous way motorists take corners. They ought to leave them for other people.

A TENOR who is growing fat has been ordered more exercise. He must try running up the scales.

AN authoress says she never eats bread. She takes the cake.

EXPERIMENTS are being made with eucalyptus oil for use in motor-cars. Not to be sneezed at.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ABOUT £500,000 a year is given to hospitals in weekly threepences.

ALDERMAN JOHN GRAVES of Sheffield has given £10,000 to the Courtauld's Art Institute.

MONEY from seven countries was found in a lifeboat collecting-box at Croydon Aerodrome.

ABOUT £12,000 has been received for Papworth Village Settlement in response to Mr Baldwin's wireless appeal.

## JUST AN IDEA

Say nothing that is wrong of the dead, or of the living.

## Why Are They Shut?

It is just 100 years since our churches, once locked all the week, opened their doors to the people, but still one or two are closed against us.

Long ago one of our poets (Horace Smith, who wrote the famous lines about an Egyptian mummy) found a church locked in Sussex and sat down outside and wrote these verses.

WHY are our churches shut with jealous care,  
Bolted and barred against our bosom's yearning,  
Save for the few short hours of Sabbath prayer,  
With the bell's tolling stately returning:  
Why are they shut?

WHAT! Shall the church (the house of prayer no more)  
Give tacit notice from its fastened portals  
That for six days tis useless to adore,  
Since God will hold no communings with mortals?  
Why are they shut?

ARE there no sinners in the churchless week  
Who wish to sanctify a vowed repentance?  
Are there no hearts bereft which fain would seek  
The only balm for Death's un-pitying sentence?  
Why are they shut?

## C.N. Philosophies

## Encouragement

SOMEBODY has written that to encourage talent is to create it. It includes giving courage, and to give courage is to impart an accomplishing force. Say to yourself: "I can," or hear someone say "You can," and the thing is on its way to be done.

A couple of birds built their nest near the window of a ranch-house in Mexico; the nest was lovely, little ones were born in it, and the mate filled the air with joyous songs. The people of the ranch were happy also, their harvest promised to be fine, and they, too, went singing all the time. Then a storm swept the plain, reducing to nothing the promise of the ranch. Such discouragement so filled their hearts that they thought it useless to begin planting all over again. But suddenly a bird's song was heard. How had the nest fared in the storm? The people looked and saw neither nest nor little ones left, but the parent birds building a new home in another tree. A sense of hope flashed through their minds, they yielded to the encouraging example of the birds, and had a plentiful harvest.

Failures have only the power we lend them, for in reality God never fails, therefore His creatures have not the power to fail if they keep wide awake to divine teachings. Encouragement is one of the precious activities of life, and it is an activity within the reach of all. A gentle smile, a word of appreciation, a cheerful look, a loving thought, a kindly deed, an affirmation of good, are forms of encouragement. We share the benefit of encouraging in the same measure as we share the benefits of all good deeds.



## A SAD SIGHT IN CANTERBURY

### THE BOXES DANGLING IN THE NAVE

#### A Blot on the Beauty of Our National Shrine

#### HOW NOT TO DO A GOOD THING

We suppose there is no single spot on Earth more thrilling to us all than the nave of Canterbury Cathedral.

It is our sacred place of pilgrimage, the very heart of this old town with the altar by which Augustine knelt and prayed, and the shrine of Queen Bertha, who knelt and prayed by an altar here before Augustine came. Dull would he be of soul who could pass by this place so thrilling in its memories.

And we suppose there is no place in all our land of lovely things more beautiful to see than this cathedral. The centuries that have made England in many ways the envy of the world have bequeathed us nothing more gracious, more tender, more stirring. It is the shrine of our fathers; it will be the shrine of our children.

#### First Sight of Canterbury

And so it is that we are moved to call attention to something in this great place that almost broke our heart not long ago. We had taken a Yorkshireman down to Canterbury for his first sight of it. Not even a bad November day would keep him back from this ride of fifty miles for one glimpse of the cathedral.

Most happily the Sun burst out as we went down through Kent, and the marvellous white temple looked at its very best, with its noble towers shining against the sky.

But it was a sad sight indeed that met our eyes inside, and ruined for ever our friend's delight in his first sight of Canterbury. We feel that we cannot apologise too much to him, for there, hanging in the middle of the nave, from cords stretched across at any sort of angle, was a common white box, a thing with neither taste nor beauty, something like the cupboards we put in a bathroom or a kitchen. It dangles in the middle of the nave and it has a little brother in the south aisle and a little sister in the north aisle; and they ruin all three.

#### Symbol of the Wireless Age

It is pitiful to have to say that they are the loud-speakers, the symbol of the Wireless Age. All the great ages of building since the Conqueror came have made this house of wonder, and this is what the Age of Wireless gives it; it puts in the heart of it three ugly boxes.

We believe it is entirely unnecessary to hang loud-speakers here. We believe it would be effective to have one fixed in some dignified way, perhaps to balance the pulpit or perhaps on the top of it. But, if it should be necessary, at least it is not necessary for Canterbury Cathedral to go through England and find the ugliest loud-speakers that can be seen in any shop. At a time when the Royal Society of Arts is making a noble effort to see that even pots and pans are beautiful there seems no reason why loud-speakers should be ugly.

#### What the C.N. Will Do

It is easy to imagine that those who have got used to them can overlook them. We should soon get used, no doubt, to advertisements on the dome of St Paul's or to a petrol pump facing the Cenotaph. The pity is that we get used to anything in time. What is so sad is that Canterbury, which has opened its doors so readily and made itself such a friendly place, tempting our people in to drink at this incomparable fountain of beauty, should have been betrayed in this way in some thoughtless moment.

We hope these ugly things will be removed, and if there is no other way the C.N. will gladly pay to have some beautiful things put in their place, as a Christmas Box to the Dean and Chapter.

## THE PARSON WITH A NOTION

THE parish church of Carlton-in-Cleveland, North Yorkshire, has a fine peal of eight bells in its massive tower, and the story of their erection, as told not long ago by the vicar, Canon Kyle, is very interesting.

He was informed that they would cost £700, a large sum to raise in a poor country district; but the vicar thought of the novel idea of asking several farmers to give a bushel of wheat toward the cost of the first bell. This was very popular; the money was soon raised, and the bell received the name of the Wheat Bell.

Then the villagers raised enough money to buy a second bell, now known

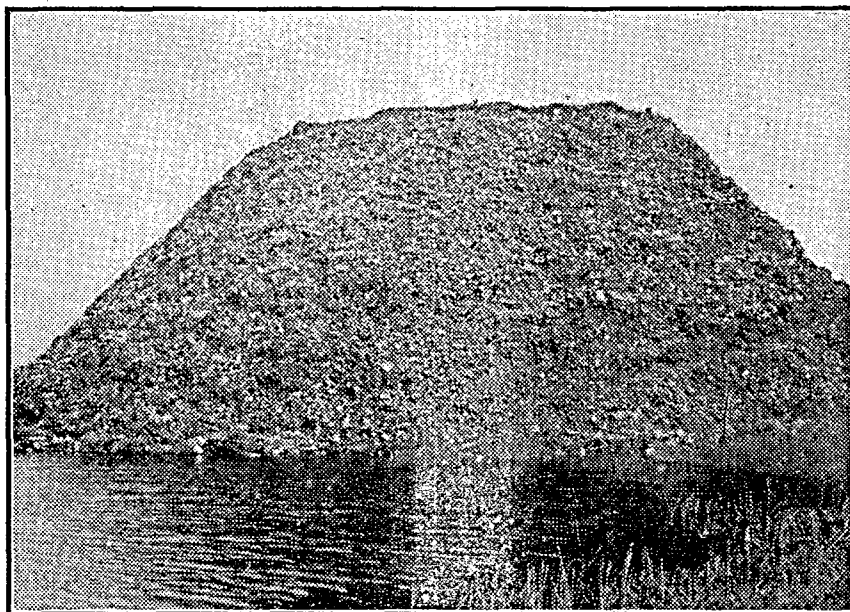
as the Village Bell. Afterwards the children of the village went round collecting and in due course provided a third bell, which became known as the Children's Bell.

The fourth bell was from contributions made by visitors to the village and received the name of the Stranger's Bell; while the other four, now known as the Thankoffering Bells, were provided as a general response of thanksgiving from the people of that widespread country district.

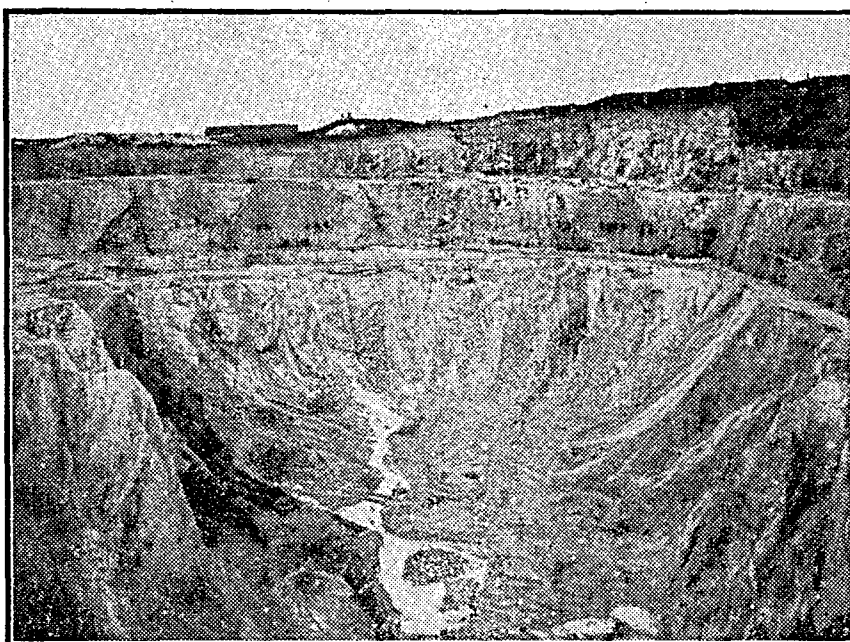
Canon Kyle is known in the North Riding as the Farmer's Parson; he will probably be known in future as the Eight Bell Man.

## A C.N. IDEA IN PARLIAMENT

### Tip This



### Into This



A C.N. idea has been proposed in Parliament. It is that the unsightly slag heaps in the North of England should be tipped into the great pits of the South. See page 4.

## LITTLE BLACK CHICKEN

AT the crossing of two of Budapest's most crowded thoroughfares there stands with sedate gravity, week in and week out, a little black chicken.

So close to the edge of the pavement it stands that sometimes it is jostled off by the passers-by; but it always hops back again, with an upward glance at its companion as much as to say: "I'm all right. Don't bother about me!"

For it is not a lone and unattached chicken—far from it. Its left leg is connected by a piece of string with the right wrist of a boy who also stands at that particular corner, week in and week out, selling papers. But the string is only a formality, or at worst a pre-

caution against marauders; for nothing is farther from the little chicken's thoughts than to run away.

"That, ma'am," says the boy on being questioned, "is my chicken-dog. I used to have a real dog once, but he died, and maybe it's just as well, for I couldn't afford to keep him now. But my chicken is just as good as a dog. When I go home I take off the string and you should see it follow me about everywhere. It knows my voice, and it comes to my whistle. I'm not at all sure"—there was the tiniest twinkle in the boy's eyes, but his face was grave—"that it isn't learning to bark on the quiet, so as to give me a surprise."

## LAST OF THE HEROES OF RORKE'S DRIFT

### HOW PRIVATE WILLIAMS WON THE V.C.

#### Thrilling Deed of the Zulu War of 53 Years Ago

#### SAVING THE WOUNDED

A very valiant deed is recalled by the death in Monmouthshire of Private John Williams, the last of the V.C.s of Rorke's Drift.

He was 22 when he won the Cross. How little did he dream that he would live to be 75, and die peacefully in his native land!

It was in the Zulu War of 1879. Rorke's Drift was a mission station on the Buffalo River, and was being used as a hospital for wounded soldiers.

News came that a big force of the enemy was bearing down upon it. The Zulus numbered about 4000.

There were two buildings about 30 yards apart, and they were hurriedly connected by a barricade of biscuit tins and mealie bags, and the laager thus formed was divided in two by another barricade, but there was no time to finish this.

#### The Little Window

The garrison consisted of about 80 men and a few departmental officers under Lieutenant Chard, R.E., and Lieutenant Bromhead of the 24th Foot.

Unluckily the only communication between the hospital patients and the others was one small window at the upper end of the hospital building. At the other end was an exit facing the enemy.

There were four rooms between the exit and the window which led to succour.

In the first of these rooms, nearest to the enemy, were stationed Private Williams and two other men in charge of three patients.

The enemy soon attacked the exit, and the defenders saw that they must escape to the main body or be killed. But there was no way of getting through to the next room except by making a hole in the wall.

#### Through the Walls

For an hour Williams worked away to do this with a pickaxe, while his comrades held the exit; but at last the Zulus burst in and dragged out the two defenders and one of the wounded men, whom they killed.

Williams managed to get the other two wounded men through the hole. In the next room were six wounded men, under the charge of Private Henry Hook.

Hook now guarded the breach while Williams made a hole in the next wall. They managed to drag all their wounded through, and then the next two rooms had to be tackled in the same way.

The Zulus had set fire to the roof. The smoke made it hard to see or to breathe. It was a terrible time, and cowardice would have escaped, leaving the wounded behind, but Hook and Williams had no thought of that.

At last they reached the window, but it was too small. Williams had to get to work with his pickaxe again. Then at last they were linked with their comrades.

#### His Changed Name

The attack had begun in the afternoon. Six times the Zulus got within the entrenchments and were driven back. At dawn they retired, leaving 350 dead.

Private Williams was the last of the heroes in the defence of Rorke's Drift. His real name was Fielding, but he changed it when he ran away to enlist in 1877, and so robbed his kindred of a certain amount of glory.

When the British Legion organised a dinner of V.C.s in 1929 and invited the Prince of Wales to meet them, there were two from Rorke's Drift, Private Williams and Lieutenant Reynolds, the doctor in charge of the hospital. He was the oldest V.C. present at the dinner, and has since died.



## MR CLERK'S HAPPY ENDING

### PUTTING A MAN ON HIS FEET AGAIN

One of the Good Things That is  
Always Being Done

### THE GREAT WORK OF JUSTICE AND MERCY

There was once a bank clerk whose wife made two ends meet, but with very great difficulty.

"Love matters more than money," they said; but often they wished they could afford to have the old broken-down range replaced by a good cooker, or could send Grannie away for a holiday by the sea, or spread a little more butter on their bread.

Mr Clerk fell in with a rich man. The rich man took to Mr Clerk at once; and one day the new friend asked Mr Clerk if he would like to be secretary of a company in which the rich man was interested? Compared with the bank's pay the salary was princely.

#### Deceptive Happiness

Never to be forgotten was the evening when Mr Clerk brought home the news to his wife. He broke it to her gently, but it was almost too exciting, even so. She wanted to laugh and cry. All her wildest dreams had come true. At last her husband's brains were properly appreciated.

They did some shopping. They gave hard-up friends little treats. They entered on their new life with joy.

And then, very gradually, clouds began to gather over the sunshine: clouds of doubt. Mr Clerk found that the company was fraudulent. But he was a long time discovering it, and meantime he had grown used to a large salary and the family had altered its way of living.

#### The Crash

He knew that he ought to withdraw from the fraudulent firm, but to do that would be to become penniless. He knew of no other job, and so he kept on postponing his withdrawal, while his conscience made him miserable and the luxuries of his new home gave him no pleasure at all.

The end came swiftly. The firm was exposed, and, like the other principals, the secretary went to prison.

Everything was lost—even hope. But the Discharged Prisoners Aid Society came to his rescue. He was a very competent man, as the villainous company promoter had discovered before he tempted him away from safety; but without a character he could never have found work. The society gave him his chance, and the other day this letter came to their offices from him.

"Thanks to your efforts I have been placed in a very good position and one which carries great opportunities for promotion . . . I want you to rest assured that I shall never do anything to need your official aid again."

#### The Recovery

So Mr Clerk's story ends happily. He was just one of the 887 cases dealt with by the D.P.A. central office last year. It was worth while to keep him out of the gutter, and also to save a man concerning whom his Prison Visitor said that he was "emphatically not a criminal, and if he were to become so it would only be due to his failure to find a place in the world that would use up his energies."

Of course not all prisoners are decent people who have blundered into crime, but nearly all have innocent wives and children who are cruelly punished if the breadwinner cannot make a new start. In setting one man on his feet the society helped eight people.

We must not, in our necessary economies, cut down our subscriptions to this great work of justice and mercy.

## A B C of War Debts

We give elsewhere a summary of the British Note on War Debts. Here a correspondent sums up the facts concerning them which everyone should know. Owing to fluctuations in rates of exchange the figures differ from those in the Note.

### 1. What Are the War Debts?

The war against the Central Empires was fought by many nations, some poor and some rich. Consequently the rich nations, chiefly Britain and America, had to provide the poorer ones with the means to fight. That is, they supplied food, ships, stores, and munitions to their friends. The value of these war goods, taken at the fancy war prices, were written down as formal War Debts.

### 2. What Sums Were Lent?

Enormous sums were involved, because war prices were very high. We lent 515 million pounds to France, 455 millions to Italy, 568 millions to Russia, 97 millions to Belgium, 21 millions to Serbia, and 194 millions to other States, a total of £1,850,000,000.

America lent 866 millions to us, 613 to France, 331 to Italy, 39 to Russia, 70 to Belgium, six to Serbia, and to other States 59 millions, making a total of £1,984,000,000.

### 3. Why Did We Borrow From America?

We borrowed from America only because we lent so much to our Allies. It will be seen from the above figures that we lent £1,850,000,000, while we borrowed from America £866,000,000. We did not borrow for ourselves at all.

### 4. What Are the Formal War Debts?

After the war the war debts were formally written down in agreements of different sorts. Payment was arranged by instalments, repaying capital with interest over a period of about 60 years.

Thus, if we take our War Debt to America, the British Government entered into an agreement to pay instalments every year until 1988. The yearly payment we have agreed to make is about 38 millions.

The millions of pounds here expressed refer to the old Gold Pound, and not to the present Paper Pound. That is why, although the half-yearly instalment due from us to America on December 15 is roundly £20,000,000 in gold, it represents about £29,000,000 in our paper pounds.

### 5. Effect of War Prices

It is all-important to remember that, whereas what was lent by America was war goods supplied at fancy war figures, prices have fallen so heavily since the war that they are now only about half what they were when the war goods were supplied. The fall in prices means that we have, in effect, to repay twice as much as we borrowed.

### 6. America Demands Gold

America has raised her tariff so greatly since the war that it has become very difficult to sell goods to her. Consequently she compels payment in gold. That is why the gold has gone to America, which now has a store worth about 4250 million dollars, which is about £1,300,000,000.

It was this monopolising of gold by the United States which caused the money crisis and brought distress on all nations, including America herself.

### 7. What Are War Reparations?

War Reparations is the name given to the damages demanded by the victor Powers from the defeated. Germany was at first asked to pay 6600 millions, but this absurd figure had to be abandoned. In 1929, under the Young Plan, this sum was reduced to about a third, payable in annual instalments of principal and interest ranging from 85 to 120 millions.

For some time Germany borrowed to pay Reparations, but, her borrowing power ceasing, she refused to pay more, and at a special conference at Lausanne in June this year the victor Powers, in effect, agreed to cancel Reparations,

demanding only a final small payment to be made if and when Germany can afford it.

### 8. Connection of War Debts and Reparations

War Debts and War Reparations are inextricably bound up with each other. Ourselves and France both depend on the receipt of Reparations from Germany to pay War Debts to America. Therefore, when at Lausanne it was agreed to cancel Reparations we were deprived of the means to pay.

### 9. The Balfour Note Policy

British War Debt policy has always been wise, generous, and clearly stated.

This policy was stated to America in the famous Balfour Note of 1921, which stated that the British policy was to cancel all War Debt and Reparation payments. The Note went on to say that if we could not secure international agreement upon this suggested all-round cancellation, *we would only ask from our debtors what was necessary to pay our creditors.*

It is also very important that this Balfour Note laid it down that the British Government could treat the American War Debt only as one item in the entire series of War Debts and Reparations.

Yet President Hoover now argues that War Debts and War Reparations are quite separate things, although when Mr Hoover suggested the suspension of war payments in 1931 he proposed a holiday, not for War Debts alone, but for War Reparations also.

### 10. World Prosperity at Stake

Unfortunately the American people do not yet understand (although some of her wisest statesmen do understand) that it is the collection of War Debts and War Reparations (mainly by America and France) which caused the economic crisis and threw the whole world into distress. World trade became impossible when its currents were impeded by such demands for huge payments in gold as had never been known before. The American people fondly believe that they lent gold to their Allies and are being repaid what they lent.

*In fact, as we have shown, they lent very dear goods and are demanding payment in gold.*

Any continued attempt by America to collect gold can only deepen world distress and thereby her own distress.

#### The Moral Case

But let us give the essence of the case from a moral point of view.

America came late into the war, and when she declared war in February, 1917, she had no soldiers to send to Europe. She set to work to train an army, but that army did not take the field until almost the end of the war and it suffered comparatively few casualties. Thus America had the good fortune to escape with comparatively little loss of life.

What other part, then, did America take in the war?

*The part she took was to furnish to her European friends war goods and war munitions to fight with.*

In using these American war goods and war munitions French, British, and other soldiers laid down their lives for the common cause. Thus we see that America is really very much indebted to the European nations who supplied soldiers to use her American war goods.

Morally, therefore, there is no debt whatever of the European Allies to America, but there is a very real *life debt* of America to her European Allies.

We cordially invite the American press to print these words; they are written in all friendliness to America and in the belief that the American people desire to see justice done.

## RIGHT WAY TO USE COAL

### A MILLION MILLION TONS LEFT

The Toy Which Has Provided  
Us With a New Industry

### HOW SCIENCE HELPS

A strong appeal to industry to take full advantage of the new knowledge which scientists are daily placing in its hands was made by Sir Frank Smith in a lecture not long ago.

As secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research there are few new developments or inventions that do not come before him, and many of the figures he gave are of surprising interest and importance.

Wild estimates have often been made of the value of our buildings. The lecturer's careful calculations make the total come to £4,500,000,000; and the buildings depreciate by £50,000,000 each year. We have, he declared, a million million tons of coal still in our mines, a source of power of inestimable worth if we would only apply science rightly, use it for all purposes for which heat, light, and power are required, and thus replace much of our great imports of oil and petrol. At present our coal is being used wrongly, and all waste is hateful to the scientist.

#### Fifty Million Pounds Saved

As instances of what had been achieved in recent years, Sir Frank Smith said that the electrical industry had saved £50,000,000 by the use of the new silicon steel, and that developments in cold storage had increased the returns of apple-growers by £100,000 a year.

But not only were our scientists improving old products and replacing old types of machinery and old methods of production by new and more efficient ones, they were producing new industries.

An example of this was in the photo-electric cell which 20 years ago was a mere toy in the laboratory. Today it is used for these purposes: As a burglar alarm, to switch on or off lights in large stores as daylight waxed or waned, to group electric lamps according to their candle-power, to select cigars by the colour of their outside leaf, to control the strength of electric currents, to arrange cigarettes in rows with the printed name uppermost, and as a vital link in talking-pictures and in television.

It is the new industries that the world awaits, for man's wants can never be satiated, and we hope that there are in the laboratories many such toys waiting to be developed into service for us all.

### HE WROTE ABIDE WITH ME

The people of Brixham in Devon have just kept the 85th anniversary of the passing of Henry Lyte.

Every day those who live near the church where he worked for thirty years are reminded of him when the bells play his famous hymn.

Henry Lyte went to Brixham when he was 25. The folk among whom he worked were chiefly fishermen and their families. It was for them that he wrote *Abide With Me*, inspired by the lovely sunsets he saw from his house on Berry Head. Little did he dream that his hymn would pass far beyond the boundaries of Brixham to stir the hearts of millions.

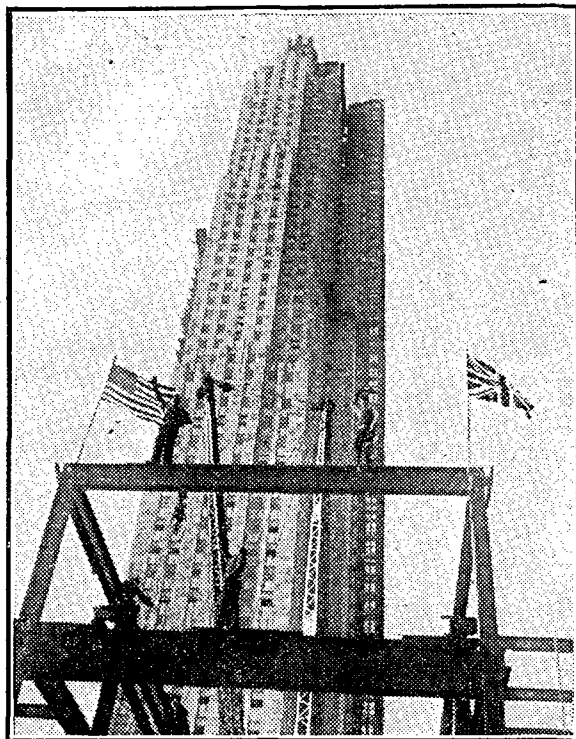
Lyte was a sick man when he wrote it. He never recovered the health he went to seek in the South of France, and died at Nice on November 20, 1847.

"Keep in Mind Henry Francis Lyte" is the inscription on a stone in Brixham Church, telling us that it was rebuilt in his memory in 1884.

Poultry keepers at Alton are complaining of a fall in the laying capacity of their hens owing to the noise of aeroplanes.



# TREADMILL FOR A WELL · EARLY LAMBS · STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT



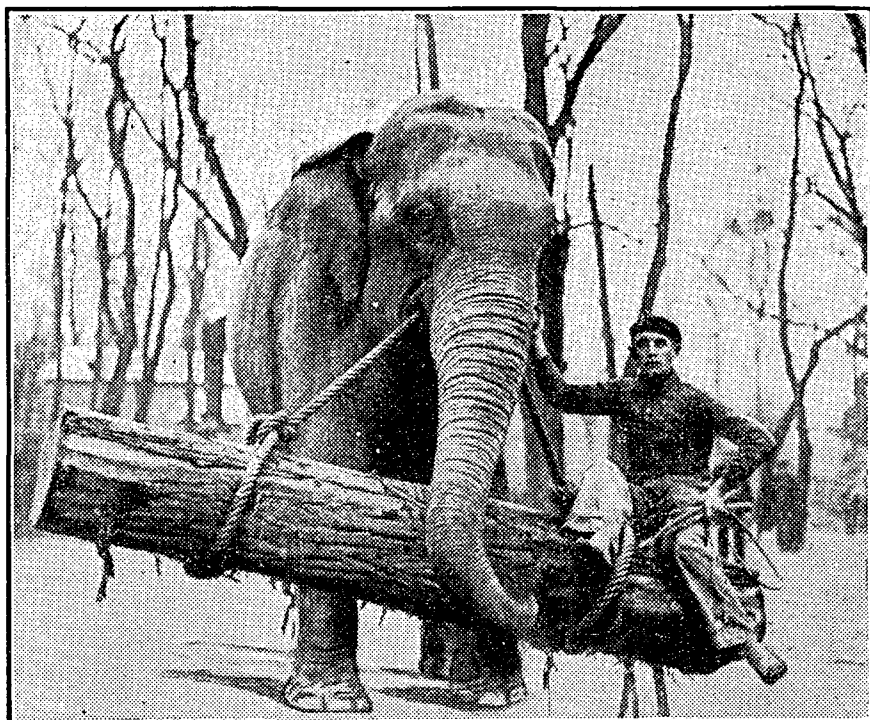
**Union Jack in New York**—This picture was taken on the completion of the steel frame of the British Empire Building in New York. In the background is the R.C.A. Building.



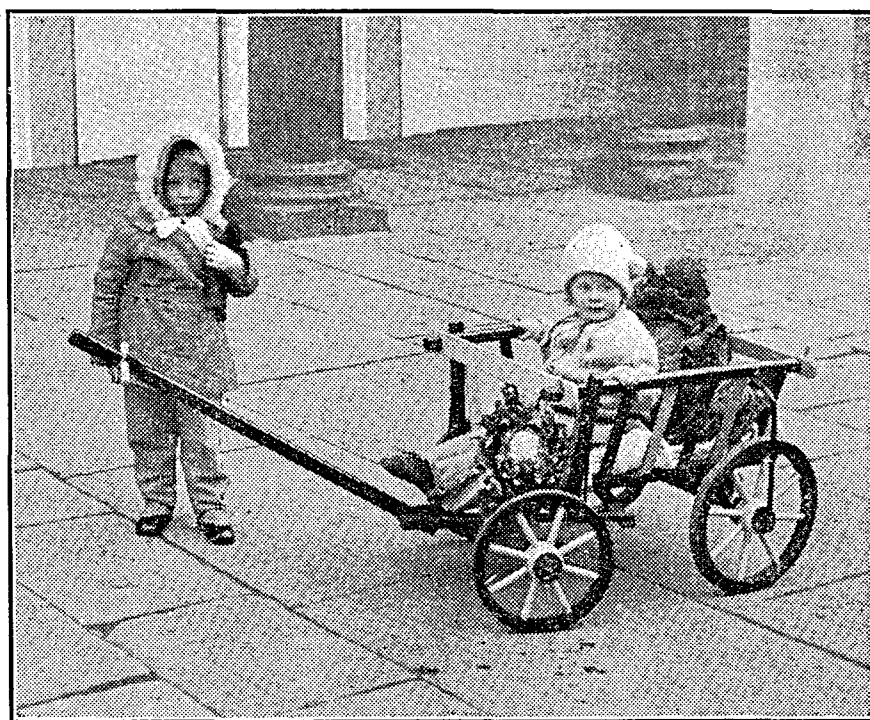
**The Newcomers**—Early lambs may now be seen in the fields. Here are two little ones that are being brought up on the bottle at Bridport in Dorset.



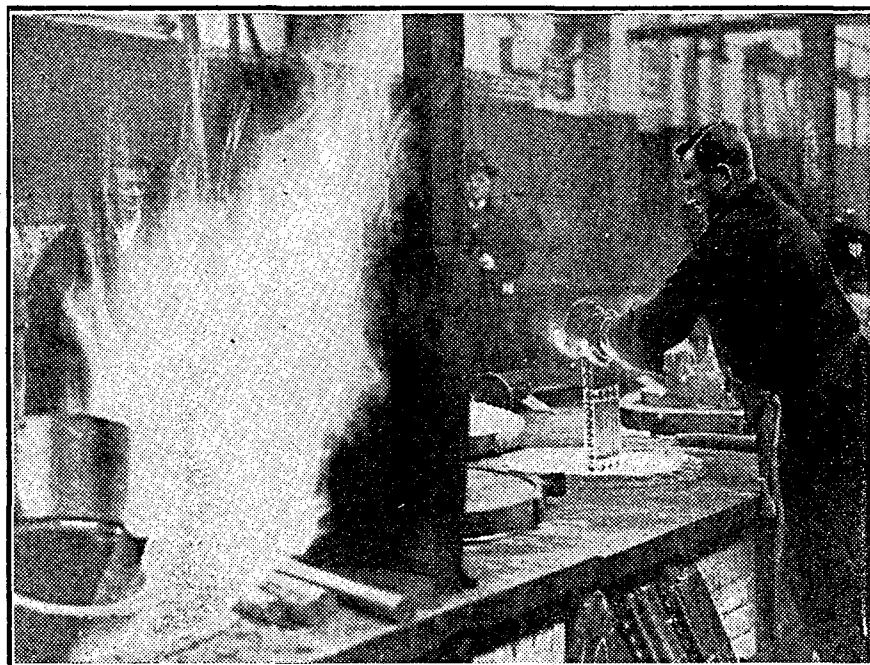
**Children of Korea**—These little Korean schoolchildren are on the steps of a hillside shrine in Seoul. The Japanese provide free schools for children of all races.



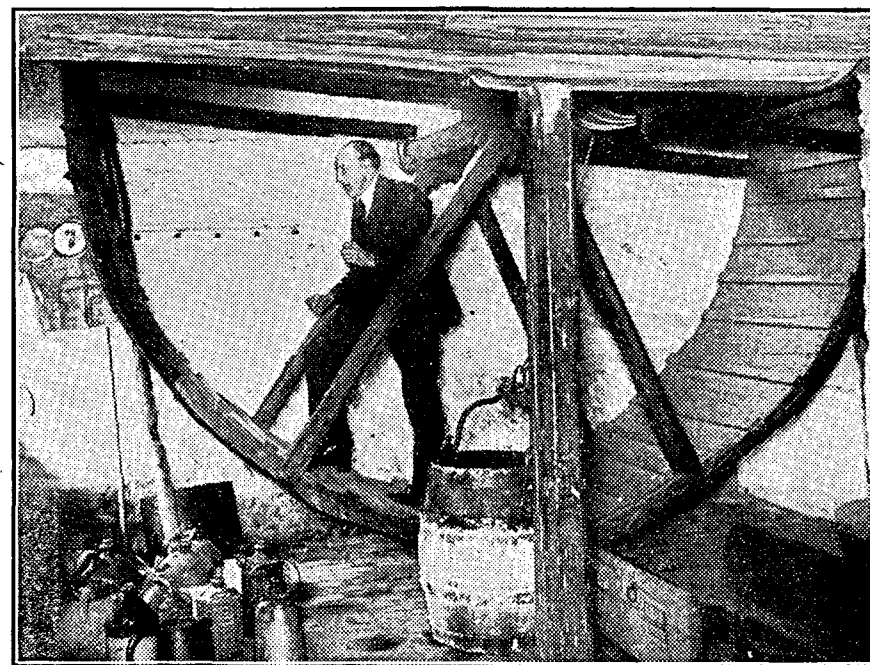
**A Big Mouthful**—This elephant of the Paris Zoo is demonstrating its strength by lifting a big log together with the keeper. The elephant is carrying the weight entirely in its mouth.



**An Idea From Bath**—As told on page 2 toy wagons are made by the Good Neighbours Club which was started for the unemployed in Bath. The original wagon came from Strasbourg.



**At the Mint**—Here is a peep inside the Royal Mint on Tower Hill, where money is made. The man on the right is melting down bars of silver which will be made into coins.



**Walking For Water**—The water supply for an old inn at Beauworth in Hampshire is raised from a well 300 feet deep by means of a curious form of treadmill.



## THE MOST ROMANTIC BOOK OF THE YEAR

### LIFE-STORY OF JOSEPH WRIGHT

Mill Boy Who Made a Famous  
Dictionary

#### A UNIQUE RECORD

One day in 1861 a poor woman and three little boys were admitted to Clayton Workhouse.

Many novels have been published this year, but perhaps the most romantic book of 1932 is the biography of that poor woman's second son. His name was Joseph Wright.

He was five when they went to the workhouse, and always remembered how little there was to eat, and how his hunger gave him courage to ask for a bit more bread. They gave him a bit, but told him he must not ask again.

With her three little sons and a newborn babe the poor woman left the workhouse for a one-roomed hovel. Her husband was no use to her, caring more for poaching and ale than for hard work.

#### A Rocking-Chair For Mother

One day a bailiff arrived at the poor woman's home saying that her husband was in debt, so the home must be sold up. But there was simply no furniture at all. He gave her half a crown and went away.

Kind folk gave them food. The mother went out charring, and after a long day with the scrubbing-brush she would be bending over the washtub half the night.

The father came home to die. The eldest boy ran away to sea. Joe started regular work at six. He and his mother scraped and saved till at 14 he was able to buy her a rocking-chair, a chest of drawers, and a "parlour suite" that cost ten guineas. Each month he bought a bit of furniture.

They moved to a four-roomed house, and felt very grand.

#### Teaching Himself

Joe Wright was a wool-sorter in a Yorkshire mill when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. He thought how nice it would be to be able to read the war news, and at 15 he started to teach himself to read and write.

No sooner had the boy got the desire to read than he was started on the path that led him to a Professorship at Oxford and the making of the English Dialect Dictionary.

He learned French and German at a night class, and taught himself Latin almost alone. He saved £40 and went to Heidelberg, tramping from Antwerp. There he studied mathematics.

Afterwards he got a post in an English school, saved up, and returned to Germany, this time to find his life-work in the study of Comparative Philology.

#### The Perfect Helpmeet

He performed prodigies of hard work. At 33 the wool-sorter was lecturing in Oxford. One of his students was a girl called Elizabeth Mary Lea, whose home was a country parsonage. He fell in love with her, but said nothing until he was able to provide for his mother and a wife as well.

Then after nearly eight years waiting he did his wooing, and won the perfect helpmeet, whose Life of Joseph Wright has now been published by the Oxford Press.

In two volumes she tells how the big, burly, genial, undaunted man surmounted his difficulties and bravely bore the great tragedy of his life, the early deaths of their two adorable little children.

But the most valuable and fascinating part of the book deals with the great work of his life, the famous English Dialect Dictionary. He not only edited it but brought it out at his own expense and risk, because no publisher would do so. Besides all his lectures and teaching he

## TOLL OF THE ROADS

### AN APPALLING RECORD

Boy Victims Twice as  
Numerous as Girls

#### A PLEA FOR THE SPEED LIMIT

Some weeks ago the C.N. had something to say about the appalling number of deaths due to accidents on the roads.

It was then stated that during the months of July and August nearly a thousand people were killed, including 188 children.

These figures were provided by the Safety First Association, which, in cooperation with the Ministry of Transport, is conducting a search into the circumstances of fatal accidents occurring during the second half of this year.

Further details concerning the accidents during July and August have just been made available, and the number of deaths is now shown to be 1059, including 200 children.

#### Human Failure

These deaths were due to 1017 accidents, of which more than 85 per cent were caused by some form of human failure apart from defective roads or vehicles; and less than two per cent of the accidents are classed as unavoidable.

Whereas in 1929 pedestrians formed half the total of those killed, during the period now under review 38 per cent were pedestrians. Motorists killed in 1929 were one-third of the total; now they are 42 per cent.

In the case of pedestrians the elderly and the very young are the chief victims, for only a fifth of the deaths refer to people between 16 and 55. Men victims are twice as numerous as women.

Where children are concerned more than half of the casualties were to little people between three and eight, between four and five being the most dangerous age; and boy victims were nearly twice as numerous as girls.

A common cause of accidents to young children is running into the roadway without first looking for traffic, half the deaths being due to this.

In many other cases children are the victims of their own behaviour, such as playing games in the road, stealing rides on vehicles, and riding as passengers on bicycles.

#### A Terrific Problem

The dangers of the road cannot be over-emphasised to children, and it certainly behoves all drivers to proceed with the greatest care wherever children may be expected.

The C.N. would like to see speed limits reintroduced and rigidly enforced in all town areas. And there should be severe punishment for the motorist who considers that his duty is done when his hooter is sounded.

This problem of the roads is a terrific one, and it is to be hoped that the detailed information about fatal accidents now being gathered by the Safety First Association will be of help in suggesting remedies.

In time, no doubt, children will grow up with a road sense, both as pedestrians and drivers, but until that time there must be stricter legislation to protect the pedestrian from the motorist and many motorists from themselves.

Continued from the previous column

was toiling on the Dictionary, and writing 30 letters a day to get subscribers. Often he could not go to bed at all. He began the task in 1889, and the last part of the Dictionary came out in 1905. It is estimated that the work cost £25,000.

No other nation has anything like the six volumes of all our Dialect words in use, or known to have been in use during the last 200 years. No other man, it has often been said, could have carried through this immense work.

His last word, spoken with his ebbing breath, was "Dictionary."

## AN OLD WORDSWORTH LADY

Granddaughter of the  
Poet's Brother

#### DAME ELIZABETH OF 92

We tell elsewhere of a man who saw Wordsworth, and still another link with Wordsworth is gone. The granddaughter of his young brother John is no more.

Few old ladies of 92 could show a prouder lineage than that of Dame Elizabeth's. Her grandfather, the poet's brother, was Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Her father, after being headmaster of Harrow, became Bishop of Lincoln. Her brother John was Bishop of Salisbury.

And then comes Dame Elizabeth herself, first Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, as eminent a Victorian as ever proved it to be a great Era.

#### First Colleges For Women

She was born in 1840, and news of her birth was probably sent by the first Penny Post, which was born the same year. It was in 1873 that the first classes for women were started in Oxford, and she took advantage of them. She had a genius for breathing life into the dead bones of classical translations, and in 1878, when the first two women's colleges were formed, Elizabeth Wordsworth found herself, at 38, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall, a collection of a dozen students housed in a villa.

Her reign was one of freedom and broad interests; her rule was by humour and charm. She was never a woman to claim anything in the way of position as a right, but by her own personality, intelligence, and wit she became a great power.

She was a peremptory old Dame who did as she would, but was welcome everywhere for the wit and laughter that sprang up all round her.

#### DR DOOTOOMUCH

##### Malton People Lose a Hero

Dr Doolittle is known in real life to some of us, but all of us have met Dr Dootoomuch, who more often than not is a hero in disguise, his deeds of courage and self-sacrifice not realised until he has passed over to the other side.

Dr G. C. Parkin was one of these. In fighting an epidemic of typhoid at Malton in Yorkshire, where he was assistant medical officer of health, he sacrificed his life for humanity.

When the outbreak started last October he worked so hard to keep the disease from spreading that he weakened his constitution and caught the illness.

To his sorrow he was forced to give up the fight and be nursed himself, and in the Isolation Hospital at Malton, where he had spent too many hours and too much strength in helping other victims, he lay ill for a month. He had had so much experience of the disease that he knew, as he grew worse, almost hour by hour toward the end, that there was little hope of his recovery, but never did his courage leave him.

#### SUPREME HEROISM OF A BOY

By a magnificent display of courage and endurance Richard Knott, a Goole lad of 18, the other day brought his ship safe to port when its captain and mate had been knocked unconscious by waves.

All through the night he held on to the wheel, no one knowing where the ship was being driven by the storm. Ralph Knott had steered the ship for 30 hours without a rest round Cape Wrath in the North of Scotland until it reached Kyleakin in the Isle of Skye.

But for his deed of heroism the ship must have foundered.

## WINGS OF MERCY

### THE GOOD SAMARITANS OF THE SKY

The Red Cross Searching For  
the Best Little Planes

#### THE FINE SIDE OF FLYING

From a Paris Correspondent

A strange company of people of many races were seen shopping the other day in the Grand Palais.

They did not buy anything; they were "just looking around." Nevertheless, the best assistants were told off to explain and display the wares.

The common interest which had brought this international group together was Winged Mercy, for each of these 13 men and women had been asked by his Red Cross Society to find out what is latest and best in the form of ambulance aeroplanes.

When a Red Cross man goes aeroplane shopping he has to think of all the things an ordinary aeroplane shopper thinks of and a lot more beside. The first thing he asks of every plane is: "Is it transformable?" He believes that every aeroplane should be convertible in a few hours into an ambulance plane. He goes on to ask: "How many stretchers can the plane carry? Can they be easily loaded?"

#### The Useful Autogiro

Then, as floods, cyclones, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions are no respecters of landing-fields, the Red Cross man must look about for ways of shortening the distance between calamity's victims and the rescuing plane.

The shoppers saw a number of neat planes able to make use of small landing-fields; in this feature the small Autogiro led the lot.

"How about landing on snow and ice?" was a question the Scandinavian visitors asked. Here, too, the small planes, including the amusing-looking, tiny Autogiro, gave satisfactory answers. But as these small planes can rarely carry more than two stretchers their use is of limited value in the face of a widespread calamity.

#### A Folding Side-Car

Mr Akin Nemirovsky showed an ingenious folding motor-bicycle with a side-car for stretcher cases which he invented. This, when folded, can be carried aboard the larger planes and used to transport the injured from the scene of the accident to the landing-field.

One of the favourite transformable planes is the Farman 190. The first of these to be dedicated to humanitarian purposes was bought by Japan, and Uruguay has ordered others for the use of its Red Cross.

The ideal arrangements for the care of the wounded are, of course, found in planes designed specially for that purpose. Here shock-absorbers prevent the patients from feeling the slightest jar, there is a place for a doctor or nurse, there is a cupboard for bandages and other supplies, and a tiny basin and tap for keeping hands clean.

#### Operations in the Air

One of these air-hospital cabins is equipped in such a thoroughly sanitary way that in cases of great emergency it could be used for operations.

This shopping expedition of people speaking ten languages was arranged by the League of Red Cross Societies, an organisation which serves the Red Cross in much the same way as the League of Nations serves nations, and Les Amis de l'Aviation Sanitaire, a society dedicated to seeing that, while aeroplanes are being developed for military, commercial, or pleasure purposes, equal thought is given to their growth in usefulness as Wings of Mercy at the universal service of mankind in time of need.



## A WORLD RARELY SEEN

### MERCURY IN THE MORNING SKY

Flying Through Space at 35 Miles a Second

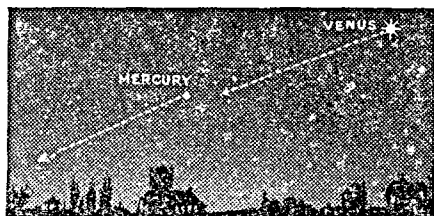
### THE MOON AND VENUS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The rarely seen world of Mercury is now within reach of observation in the early morning sky.

As he appears not very far from the brilliant Venus she will be an aid in identifying the less brilliant Mercury.

Venus will be readily seen in the south-east from about 6 o'clock until near sunrise; but not very high above the horizon, as she does not rise until



Venus and Mercury in the morning sky. The arrows indicate the lengths of their paths from now until Christmas morning

about half an hour before. Mercury does not rise until soon after 6 o'clock, so he is not likely to be seen before 6.30 or even 7 o'clock unless the sky should be exceptionally free from low-lying cloud.

By this time the dawn is beginning to break, so between 6.45 and 7.15 is likely to be the best time for seeing this fleeting planet.

Mercury resembles a bright golden star. He will be found nearly half-way between Venus and the horizon, but toward the left, about twelve times the Moon's apparent width away.

It should be quite easy to locate this elusive little world of Mercury if only the sky is clear enough. An additional aid would be to imagine a line to extend from Venus to the point where the Sun will rise—Mercury will be found close to this line.

Both worlds are travelling eastward and Venus appears to be racing after Mercury, as can be seen from the picture, in which their present positions relative to one another is shown, together with the extent to which they appear to travel in the sky during the next fortnight. This is indicated by arrows.

What we observe of their relative movements is, however, only apparent and the result of perspective, for Venus is half as far away again as Mercury, being at present about 128 million miles away, whereas Mercury is about only 85 million miles away. Both Venus and Mercury are now rapidly receding from us, Venus speeding through space at 22 miles a second while Mercury, the fleetest of the planets, is travelling just now at about 35 miles a second.

Our world is rolling after them at about 18½ miles a second, and later on both will vanish from the morning sky.

### The First Christmas Morning

It is interesting to reflect that, were our world where Venus is, it would look very similar to that lovely planet, for the Earth's diameter is 7927 miles, whereas that of Venus is 7600 miles. By comparison the diameter of Mercury is only about 3000 miles.

The presence of the lunar crescent in the morning sky during the latter part of next week will provide an added interest. It may be seen gradually to get nearer to Venus each morning until by Sunday, December 25, the Moon's very slender crescent will be only a little way to the right of Venus.

If it is fine a particularly impressive celestial scene may be witnessed, and very little imagination will be needed to picture the famous Star in the East associated with the first Christmas Morning.

G. F. M.

## THE VILLAGE THAT MAY BE BURIED

### The Fear of 800 People

Linthal is a delightful village in Switzerland with about 800 inhabitants.

It is in a sunny and winding valley with the River Linth digging out a deep course for itself as the centuries pass by.

Above the village, at a turn in the valley, is the towering mass of mountain called the Kilchenstock, which seems composed of unusually friable material.

For 70 years the Kilchenstock has been threatening to slide down in a mighty landslide and bury the village out of sight.

For the last four years engineers have been watching the opening cracks in the mountainside, and the villagers have been prepared to take to instant flight as soon as they hear the sirens screaming their warnings, whether by day or night.

What a life to live! But it is hard to leave one's home, and one gets used to anything; so the Linthalers stop on and hope for the best.

The sirens screamed one day last month, and 40,000 tons of rock came thundering down, but the forest on the mountainside just prevented it reaching the village. Now the forest is gone and the people have lost one more defence. Still they linger on; and we are told that cracks are widening.

## MOTHERS

### Three Pictures in London

By the Look-About Lady

We saw three charming examples of motherhood in London the other day.

In Tunnel Gardens down at Blackwall an East End mother was leaning out of her window surveying with pride and interest the gyrations of her small boy on the parallel bars that stand in that happy and intelligently planned out-of-door gymnasium. Horace was doing his level best, tossing his little legs across, and his face beamed rosy with his efforts.

The next mother was very pretty; she sat in a Tube train and talked softly with her little prep school son all about the papers that he was to be set in his next exam, and how she was sure he must work extra-specially, because they would be hard, very hard. And at her gentle but urgent words the boy met her gaze with the greatest goodwill; Smith minor will come out well, we know.

The third mother and child we saw at Sadler's Wells one evening when the great Miss Lilian Baylis, who mothers all Shakespeare's plays, stood near the stalls of the theatre, watching Hamlet played with a dash and swing that carried all the audience off its feet. Shopgirls and young clerks leaned intently forward, taking every point. Miss Baylis must have felt satisfied and exalted too. To be or not to be, that was the question about this home of Shakespeare in North London, which is for ever answered now.

## BEAUTY ALL THE YEAR

Christmas shopping will mean fewer problems of choosing the right thing for the right person to those who know the beautiful calendar of the Roads Beautifying Association, for it is theirs on sending 5s to 34, Chandos House, Palmer Street, London, S.W.1.

It has been published to encourage roadside planting and the preservation of rural scenery, so that those who buy it will not only be buying a set of 12 photographs of glorious trees, they will be helping a movement of outstanding importance which seeks to keep unspoiled the beauty of our little island, and also to create more loveliness.

It is one of the loveliest calendars we have seen, a thing of beauty and a joy for a year.

## A LIVING YO-YO

### MISZE, THE KINKAJOU

Some Attractive Improvements in the Insect House

### TWO LAMENTABLE ZOO LOSSES

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Among new mammals recently added to the Zoo's collection is a young kinkajou called Misze, who is a perfect living Yo-Yo.

Kinkajous like to hang upside down by their prehensile tails and then climb back to an upright position by means of their own tails; but if Misze is held in his visitor's hand by the tail he climbs up and down and behaves exactly like a Yo-Yo.

The Insect House at the Zoo has acquired an unusual attraction in a family of baby poisonous spiders. The mother insect is a black-bellied tarantula, and on her arrival from Algeria it was noticed that she was carrying a queer-looking black bundle on her back.

This bundle is her family, a collection of at least fifty baby tarantulas which will be carried about by their fond mother till they are three or four weeks old and able to find food for themselves.

### Coloured Lights

An interesting improvement made in this House is the lighting of the cases occupied by bird-eating spiders. Instead of the ordinary white electric globes coloured lights are being employed. One case is illuminated with a red light which gives a warm glow suggestive of intense heat; others are lighted in green or blue, with equally effective results.

The albino Malayan python, the rare white snake who went on hunger-strike last June, has died. During his months in the menagerie the python ate nothing, though strenuous efforts were made to tempt his appetite.

The Zoo has also lost its only seal, Beatty. This animal will be missed by many, for she was a well-known character in the sea-lion pond and had a large circle of friends who took keen interest in her. She was purchased by the Zoo some years ago to be a companion to a baby walrus, and though not a rare animal was the only one of her kind in the Gardens.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards, and sent to C.N. Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

### How Many Voters Go to the Poll at a General Election?

The number varies according to the interest aroused. In 1931 it was estimated at about seven-ninths of those whose names were on the Register.

### What is the Meaning of Net Personality?

Generally the amount of personal property left by a deceased person after his debts have been paid. Property is divided into real (that is freehold land) and personal (leasehold property, money, house furniture, and so on).

### What is a Fireball?

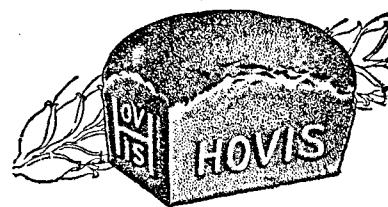
A rare electrical phenomenon occurring during thunderstorms. It has the appearance of a luminous ball moving slowly in the air and breaking up explosively. The phenomenon, which has yet to be explained, is sometimes called ball lightning. The name fireball was given to certain obsolete projectiles discharged from mortars for incendiary and other military purposes.

### Who Was Atlas?

In Greek mythology, brother of Prometheus and father of Calypso. With other Titans he rebelled against Zeus and was condemned to hold up the heavens on his shoulders, standing in the far west where day and night meet at the apparent meeting of sea and sky. The myth is traced to the idea that the heavens were supported by lofty mountains. Later tradition represented Atlas as a man who was changed into a mountain.

# The First Rule of health HOVIS Every day

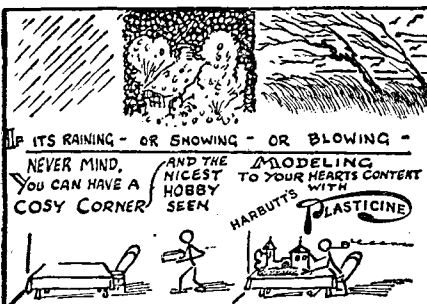
HOVIS will help you to go through the day brimming over with health and vitality. Because HOVIS is not merely a 'brown' bread but a FOOD—vitally complete, containing an added percentage of the health-promoting wheat-germ which builds and sustains the body tissues.



Hovis Every Day  
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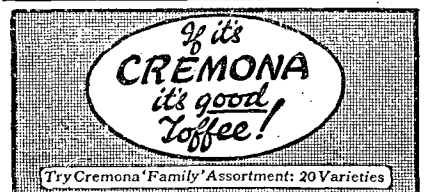
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The Monthly Companion of the C.N.  
Edited by Arthur Mee

## 15,000 "TREATS"

will be given at Christmas to poor East  
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**ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., London, N.W.6.**

## SANTA CLAUS CALLING

At a Thousand Miles  
of Parties

## WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN THIRTY YEARS

Sailing along the coast of British Columbia is a ship carrying a wonderful Christmas tree and a cargo of presents.

She has a thousand miles to cover and 25 places to call at before the last of her Christmas parties is held and the last present distributed. Hundreds of little Indian and white children are watching for this Christmas Ship as eagerly as children watch here for Santa Claus.

Every Christmas she makes the same journey, and the inspiration comes from a journey of nearly thirty years ago, when a little girl went with her father, Rev John Antle, in a 16-foot racing dinghy which he had built, for an exciting trip of 500 miles in and out among the islands between the west coast of British Columbia and the east coast of Vancouver Island.

### The Columbia Coast Mission

They visited the Indians in the villages scattered along the coast and in their floating homes by the shore, and they saw that there were no doctors to heal them when they were sick, no teachers to teach their children, no one to preach the Gospel to them, no means, in fact, to obtain the very essentials of life.

Their trip over, Mr Antle went to the Anglican Church authorities and obtained permission to start and superintend, under the auspices of the Church, a mission afloat, a mission, that is, with boats to ply in and out of the hundreds of miles of waterways, carrying medical supplies and other things needed by this neglected population. It was called the Columbia Coast Mission.

Now, after 26 years, that mission has three important hospitals, several churches, and a number of schools for Indian children, besides a hospital ship and two others which minister to the medical, social, and religious needs of some 1100 Indians, 4000 lumbermen, and some thousands of white settlers.

### An Adventurous Padre

The hospital ship Columbia is fitted with wireless and has always a doctor on board, and much of her time is spent in rushing medical aid to the sick or injured in response to SOS messages from the villages and lumber camps on shore. This ship it is which plays the part of Father Christmas each year.

Mr Antle himself is looking forward to an adventure far more exciting than that 500-mile trip with his little daughter 26 years ago. He has come to England to buy a new ship for the mission.

"I know the ship I am going to buy when I have raised enough money," he told a C.N. correspondent. "She is only 65 feet long, and I am going to fit her with a Diesel engine and take her myself across the Atlantic, through the Panama Canal, and up the coast to Vancouver—about 18,000 miles. Such a voyage has been my dream for years."

Of course this adventurous padre is expert with ships. His father was a sea captain and he himself was trained for the sea.

See World Map

### WHO WAS AESOP?

Born in Phrygia, Asia Minor, about 620 B.C.

Very little is known of the immortal fable writer beyond that he was born a slave in Phrygia, and sold eventually to Jadmon the Samian, by whom he was freed. He visited the Court of Croesus, by whom he was sent on various missions, which enabled him to travel in Greece and Asia Minor, inculcating morals by his fables. He is said to have met his death through being thrown over a precipice by the priests of Delphi.



# TWENTY GOOD SHIPS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 23

### Bora Bora

THE man appeared so obviously on his guard that Mr Deedwinnick waited with equal caution. "Lutz?" the other repeated. "Or do you mean Thomas?" He had stressed each name, and was narrowly watching the Squire.

Who had watched him back, and answered after a moment.

"Well, now," he returned, "my concern with this Lutz is a light one," and, "That's true enough," thought he, "my concern's with his masters."

The reply was to throw suspicion to the four winds.

"I know little enough of Lutz, and if he's a friend of yours it is better that I shouldn't say what I do know," the Manager replied, and waited once more. But on Mr Deedwinnick urging him to continue, "Then here it is," he went on. "There's a man of that name who trades among the islands in a small way; and you'll never hear a native speak a good word of him." He gestured with outspread arms. "That's a pretty sure token that he's served them some nasty black tricks in his comings and goings. And why does he call himself Thomas, too, if he runs straight?"

"Where," said the Squire casually, "can he be found?"

The Manager thought.

"I had a man here from Tahiti," he said. "You know Tahiti? In the Society Islands. I remember him mentioning that Lutz made his headquarters there."

"Ah!" said the Squire. "Ah!"

He felt for his snuff-box, and snapping back the lid revealed its stark emptiness. "Would you say that one could purchase snuff in Tahiti?"

"Snuff!" cried the other, flinging his head back and laughing. "Snuff! I thought it was Lutz you were after. Snuff! Well you've got to get to Tahiti first, haven't you?"

"Pon my word that's a fair deduction," smiled Mr Deedwinnick.

The other was staring. "And Tahiti," he said, "is all of two thousand five hundred miles away."

"Indeed!" said the Squire, rather stately all of a sudden.

"And I haven't a vessel to take you. There's no ship to take you. We shall not see my company's ship for six months or more, and when she's finished with us she'll go straight back to Valparaiso."

"You'll be fain to see the last of us long before that. We have been your guests for a full week already, egad. And while you've been tending us your Kanakas have been tending our boat."

"Your boat, sir!" echoed the Manager, raising his eyebrows.

"A brave craft," said Mr Deedwinnick, "although I allow you that toss upon your boulders did her no good. I found, as soon as I was able to get about again, that she had smashed some ribs and had a great piece ripped off her keel."

"But you found something else. You found my carpenters busy on her repairs."

"And my gratitude is lively, sir," said the Squire.

And away he went with his project to Captain Ben and Miles Maravin.

The Captain heard him through quietly, then gave a brief nod. But Miles Maravin burst out in his deep, rumbling voice. "Ask your pardon, sir," said he, "but here is my end of it: The Guadeloupe Inn will be missing me sore—by your leave, sir. So the sooner we put this job through the better, says I."

"Then you're with me?" said the Squire.

"Aye, by thunder I am, sir!"

"Why, then, we'll lose no more time," said Mr Deedwinnick.

But when the men learned what was forward two of them came to him, begging to be left behind on the island, and receiving both his assent and his note of hand. "The which," he said, "will be honoured on my return or by my bankers in Truro, if the former event miss accomplishment."

And having thanked them for enduring their sufferings so manfully, off he marched, to be fitted for his new suit.

For their host had not stopped short at nursing their strength back. They had come to him scarecrows; he vowed they should leave him as gentlemen. So he had set his native tailors to cut up white drill; and although it certainly seemed to him at first sight that his stock of material would begin and end with Tom Honeyman, whose girth was returning as fast almost as it had gone, yet he kept up his courage and found enough to go round, providing

them one and all with jackets and trousers. Nor were shirts and socks hard to come by; nor, finally, sun-helmets, which were first plaited with reeds interwoven with fibre, then backed with cane and covered with the white drill.

Thus refreshed and re-clad they fell to work on the boat, which the Kanakas had made seaworthy again. But they fortified her sides with stout guards of canvas, and fitted the sail with new ropes which the Manager furnished. And after killing a steer and having its meat jerked, that good man loaded them also with eggs and potatoes, some coffee, and much of an edible root he called taro.

It was the sight of this coffee and taro which set Jim's wits working. He whispered to Honeyman, who replied with a nod. They slipped away together, and, raking about, they discovered, thrown on one side near one of the curing sheds, an empty ten-gallon oil-drum of strong steel.

They cut it in half and carried the lower half back to the boat, together with some scrap-iron they had unearthed.

"And pray what is this?" demanded Mr Deedwinnick.

"A cooking-pot, sir," replied Jim, while Honeyman grinned.

"A cooking-pot!"

"It will be, sir, when we've finished. The natives cook taro. It eats better that way," said Jim. "And to boil up the coffee, sir."

"Ah!" said Mr Deedwinnick.

He watched them while they fixed iron legs on the drum, then bedded it down in the bottom of the boat on an iron-plate, so that they could kindle a fire beneath it without danger to the boat. To protect it from sea and wind they rigged iron screens round it.

"And a mighty fine contrivance!" cried Mr Deedwinnick. "Egad! You've fixed us up a regular cook's galley."

Matches were scarce. But the Kanakas came to the rescue by teaching them how to make fire by rubbing two sticks together, and finding them the wood which ignited most readily. They replenished their breaker of water, and added two others.

It was while they were adding their few finishing touches that one of the Kanakas appeared with a young man in tow and gravely asked permission to speak with the Squire, explaining that his companion hailed from Tahiti and had the Manager's leave to return if they would take him.

"You find him useful boy in the boat," said the Kanakas.

"H'm! Ha!" uttered Mr Deedwinnick. "And what does he call himself?"

The youth, for they could hardly deem him much more, advanced and fixed two large black eyes on the Squire.

"Ia ora na! Greeting!" he uttered. "Me called Bora Bora, after our mountain."

"What mountain?" snapped the Squire.

"It is the name of a great rock," explained Cap'n Ben, "that rises out of the sea and forms its own island."

"Near Tahiti?" said Mr Deedwinnick.

"Yes, in the same group, sir. Bora Bora is one of the Islands under the Wind, as the French themselves call them. They call the other five, of which Tahiti is one, the islands Of the Wind," said Cap'n Ben.

"Very interesting, I'm sure," laughed Mr Deedwinnick, "but we'll keep all that, my old friend, for another occasion. You see the point of my question: to check this man's story," and he looked the stranger over again very searchingly.

Clad as far as the knees in white cotton knickers, with a gaudy blanket across his chest and looped at the waist, the young man held his vigorous figure in a calm dignity while he waited for the Squire to make up his mind.

"Him useful boy in boat," repeated the Kanaka.

"Very well, I'll take him," said Mr Deedwinnick.

## CHAPTER 24

### The Swordfish

EVERYBODY had gathered to wish them a good-bye when, piloted from the island by Bora Bora, they took their departure next morning exchanging cheers with those kindly folk as they went.

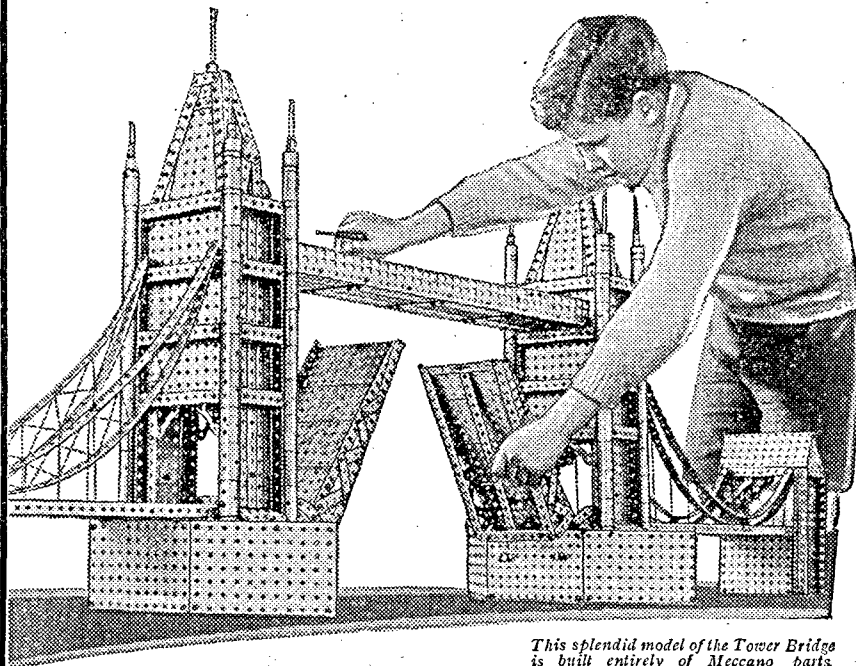
The Manager had lamented that he would miss them; they had made, said he, a welcome break in his solitude.

But Mr Deedwinnick gave promise of their return: "in a big ship. And sooner or later. But one day," he promised.

Then he made the man a grave bow, and "Pull off now! Pull off, lads," he bade in

Continued on the next page

# Meccano Reveals the Secrets of Engineering



This splendid model of the Tower Bridge is built entirely of Meccano parts.

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# MECCANO



an unsteady voice. Then kept silence until they were well out to sea.

It had been in their minds to steer straight for Pitcairn Island, but, finding presently that the wind would not serve well for this, they re-shaped their course to make the Gambier group, and reached Mangareva in fourteen days good sailing before a fair wind—with every day as long as a month to Mr Deedwinnick. His mind knew no ease. It fermented with thoughts of his ships.

He contemplated how Captain Mannoek was doing in The Golden Crown among the Phoenix Islands? And the others? One by one he would ponder their fortune. He would lift his eyes from brooding and fix them on Jim.

"Friend Jim," he would utter, "what think you of The Good Hope? Is she living up to her name, do you reckon?"

And Jim would ask, "Do we hear of them, sir, at Tahiti?"

But the Squire would tell him, "No. Unless by some side wind. For none who pick their messages up can decipher them excepting ourselves."

"We must take their messages only on the open sea, sir?"

"Only there," said Mr Deedwinnick. Then he smiled, and his face cleared a little.

"We are drawing near to the danger zone, you remember," he said. "Unless our friend on Easter Island misled me, we are headed for our nest of scoundrels."

At Mangareva they learned that a schooner might call in three weeks which would take them the eight hundred miles still to go to Tahiti.

But the Squire would have none of this. He must push on. Moreover, they had finished with the bad weather. It had gone for good; the ocean looked almost purple, but very pellucid, with flying-fish skimming its crests; and the breeze was sufficient to carry them on in high feather. So after resting a day they shipped more provisions, replenished two of their water casks, left the third one behind, and put the boat's head to the open sea once again.

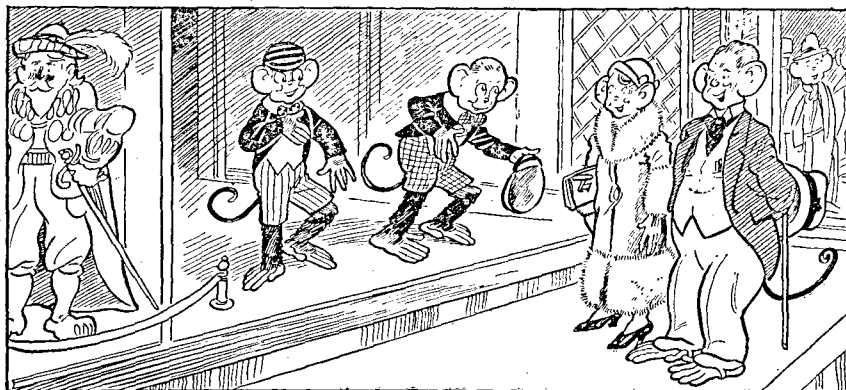
On the face of the waters they had overcome tempest and storm, had fought and resisted death by famine and thirst. But, now that the seas had turned kind and they had food in plenty, there were other sharp perils waiting down in the deep. Hideous

Continued in the last column

## JACKO VISITS MADAME TUSSAUD'S

JACKO went to London to stay with his friend Clarence at his uncle's house in Baker Street, and one day the uncle gave them each half-a-crown.

"I vote we go to Madame Tussaud's," said Clarence. And Jacko agreed.



"They might almost be alive," said somebody

When they reached the great building they paid their entrance fees and walked inside and up the stairs.

"Coo!" said Jacko. "Look at all the kings and queens. Aren't they fine!"

All round the room the boys went, looking at the airmen, the statesmen, the cricketers, and all the famous people.

"Is that all?" Jacko asked.

"I expect so. Let's ask this policeman. He'll tell us," Clarence said.

"Excuse me, but is there anything else to be seen?" he inquired.

The policeman didn't answer, so Clarence repeated his question. Then he saw someone laughing at him, and looking again saw that the policeman was made of wax. After this they asked a commissionaire, but all they got was another waxen stare.

At last they found a real live commissionaire who told them that there were some tableaux to be seen.

Jacko stared.

"They're people grouped together like pictures," exclaimed Clarence.

After they had finished looking at the tableaux Jacko had an idea.

"Come on," he said. "You and I will be a tableau. We'll just stand side by side and look prince-like over here where the lights are dim. Quick!"

"Who are those?" whispered the passers-by, presently, as they stared at the strange figures.

"I've no idea. They're very lifelike."

"Wonderful!" said somebody else.

"They might almost be alive."

"Well," another person remarked,

"I don't think they look at all real. Just look at their stupid wax faces."

"What darling little boys!" said a newcomer.

That was altogether too much for Jacko. He exploded with laughter and, clutching Clarence, took to his heels.

creatures came from the deep and tried to destroy them.

It was when they were two days out from Mangareva, and had taken to their oars as the wind was so slight, that Jim, who was staring to sea from one of the thwarts, sighted at a little distance on the starboard bow, and nearly ahead of the boat, an unusual commotion of the water. Then the churn of water subsided into a streak that came moving onward.

Jim shouted.

The men at the oars turned their heads on their shoulders, but Maravin, who was taking his turn at the tiller, bade them pull for their lives as he put the helm hard to port. He had sighted it too; almost like the track of some rushing torpedo or the running wake of some submarine that had just dived. Yet no torpedo could have done them much deadlier violence than this creature which came tearing head-on in attack, one thrust of whose long bony spear would have pierced their timbers.

A swift, lithe body flashed past them into the bows. It was Bora Bora, their brown-skinned man of the islands. Half in and half out of the boat, and shaking his fist, he released a volley of shrieks in his native tongue which rose to a scream, then descended and ran up the scale again.

The monster sheered off to starboard, and sank out of sight.

When he got some breath back Bora Bora explained, with his black eyes agleam and his body glistening with moisture.

"Him giant swordfish, sixteen feet long," he panted. "He stick us with his spear—so!" And he made a vivid thrust with one finger at Jim. "He cut right through us. Send boat to the bottom hang quick. So Bora Bora have to scold him away. Yes, I scold him in his own language. He understand."

They might have smiled, but their peril had been too alarming; and they had too much to thank him for to treat his words lightly. But Jim asked what had made the swordfish want to attack them.

"Because," said Bora Bora, "he think us trespassers. He think we have no right here. This bit of sea his bit. And he can't make us out. He think us some new fish. So he mean to kill us. He try again. Yes, you shall see."

TO BE CONTINUED



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Mincemeat.

1lb. Shredded 'Aтора.' 1lb. Currants. 1lb. chopped Apples. 1lb. Brown Sugar. 1lb. chopped Raisins. ½ lb. Citron Peel. ½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. ½ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. 1 Lemon. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1lb. chopped Sultanas.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

### Christmas Pudding.

1lb. Shredded 'Aтора.' 2lb. Raisins. 1lb. Currants. 1lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ½ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonful Baking Powder. 2lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk - sufficient to make right consistency.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

These recipes are taken from the 'Aтора' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.



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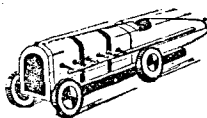
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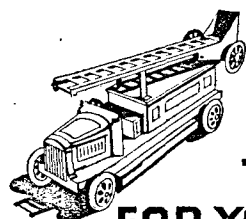


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ANY BOY CAN PUT THIS WORKING MODEL TOGETHER IN AN HOUR!

The 'Ubilda' Fire Engine is a model of the latest type of motor fire engine. It is complete with a strong spring motor. There are 28 separate parts, including extending detachable fire escape which is carried by the engine when in motion. The whole model is as easy as ABC to build, and is strong enough to last for years. It costs only 2/6! Ask your toy shop or sports dealer to show you the other 'Ubilda' models: Aeroplanes, Cars, Cranes, etc., etc., from 1/- to 7/6.

**UBILDA TOYS**  
MADE IN ENGLAND.

Trade enquiries are invited by the manufacturers: **BURNETT LTD., Friendly House, Chiswell Street, E.C.1**  
Illustrated descriptive leaflet post free on request.

### BUCKIE'S BEARS

SECOND YEAR OF THIS JOLLY XMAS PLAY at the GARRICK THEATRE. First Performance Monday, 19th. December. For four weeks.

WOULD you like a ticket for yourself free?

YOU can win a free ticket if you get five others to come with you.

ALL you have to do is fill in your name and address clearly on the coupon and mark it with the date on which you want the tickets and send the money for five tickets of whichever seats you choose.

Star prices (no tax): Stalls 10/6 and 7/6. Dress Circle 7/6 and 6/-. Upper Circle 5/- and 4/-. Pit 2/6. Gallery 1/-.

Names.....

Address.....

Amount sent herewith..... for 5.....

On (date).....

SIX tickets will be sent—the five you send for and one free beside them.

\* This coupon is issued on the understanding that if the house is full on any desired date another date will be selected.

### THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

#### FREE. 22 FRENCH COLONIES

Including old and recent issues. Every stamp a perfect picture in itself. Leopards, natives, jungle scenes, etc. You must get them. I will send this collection absolutely free to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage, abroad 6d. p.o. Only one gift to each applicant.

G. P. KEEF, WILLINGDON, EASTBOURNE, SUSSEX.

#### MAMMOTH ORIENTAL PACKET FREE!!

This monster package contains 301 Unsorted Foreign Stamps, many scarce from St. Pierre et Miquelon (Seafarer), PEUNTOY (Map of Island), PERSIA. Old Japanese 1899, Ceylon, TURKEY (G.P.O.), China (Sailing Junk), etc. Just send 2d. for postage and packing and request large discount approvals (abroad 6d. P.O.). Special: 200 different Br. Colonials (no English) 3/6

M. LONGBOTTOM & EASTICK, 59, Holdenhurst Rd., Bournemouth

#### FREE! 26 diff. POLAND

including: RAINBOW of HOPE (3 diff.); 1921 Peace Issue; Polish SHIP of STATE; WARWEL CASTLE; Monument at Warsaw; Mint set showing POLISH MINERS, also POSEY TOWN HALL and Portrait of Mr. Sienkiewicz; Scarce REVOLUTIONARY COMMEMORATIVE (Soldiers); fine set showing POLISH CAVALRYMEN, also "SWIATOWIT", the ancient SLAV GOD; many Eagles, etc. ABSOLUTELY FREE! Enclose 14d. Postage ONLY and request approvals.

SHOWELL BROS. (G.N. 15), 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.

#### STAMP WALLET & FREE MINT CENTRAL AMERICAN

This Pocket Wallet, size 3 1/2" x 5 1/2", fitted with Linen Strips, Perforation Gauge, etc., and containing Mint Central American (cat. 7/6), will be sent to genuine approval applicants only, enclosing 3d. for postage and packing.

ALIX HARLAND (Dept. H.5), 3, Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

### THIS SPLENDID CASKET FREE

to all STAMP COLLECTORS

It contains a view of High Tor, an accurate Perforation Gauge, Transparent Envelopes, Watermark Detector, Stamp Hinges, Pair of Rustless Tweezers, and a Rare Provisional Abyssinia stamp (catalogued at 4d.). All for 3d. covering postage and packing. If 4d. be sent a Powerful Magnifying Glass in Folding Metal Frame is included as well. Ask for Approvals VICTOR BANCROFT, Matlock, ENGLAND.

### CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d. Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad) Fleet price, 4/-. or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model. 2/- extra.





The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 17, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

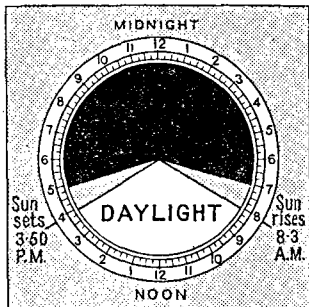
## THE BRAN TUB

### Two Motorists

MR A and Mr B, two motorists, set out to meet one another at a place somewhere between their respective homes.

A travels 6 miles an hour faster than B. They start at noon to meet one another and meet at 1 o'clock. If A had not left till 12.55 they would have met at 1.30. What is the distance between their homes? *Answer next week*

### Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness on December 17. December 22 is the shortest day.

### Delivering the News

THE heaviest train to leave Waterloo Station is the 1.30 a.m. newspaper train. It consists of fourteen vans. Fully loaded the train weighs 500 tons. It serves 164 stations, and covers 470 miles each day. It carries about 2500 newspaper packages.

### In the P.O. Mailbag

IN a bulletin recently circulated among postmasters are some amusing extracts from letters received by the Post Office. Here are three of them:

Could you advise me as to the procedure necessary to convert two current accounts into one joint?

I am still a widow. Will you please tell me what I am to do about it?

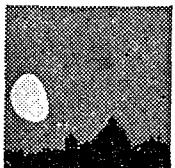
In my previous correspondence with your office I am always described as Mrs. You would form a different opinion if you saw my whiskers.

### A Charade

MY first a young female has always been reckoned, And a person of still more importance my second; A small preposition my next may appear, And a sign of the zodiac brings up the rear; These, united, are persons who seem much inclined To do what they can for the good of mankind. *Answer next week*

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planets Venus and Mercury are in the South-East. Jupiter and Mars are in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West and Uranus is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 11 p.m. on Sunday, December 18.



**Words That Rhyme**  
EACH couplet gives the clues to two words which are pronounced in a similar way, though they are spelled differently and have different meanings.

Earthen vessel here you'll find. Roving where you have a mind. Part of a chimney or a door. To squeeze—or else what boys adore.

Hearty strength to age apply. Frozen vapour from the sky.

*Answer next week*

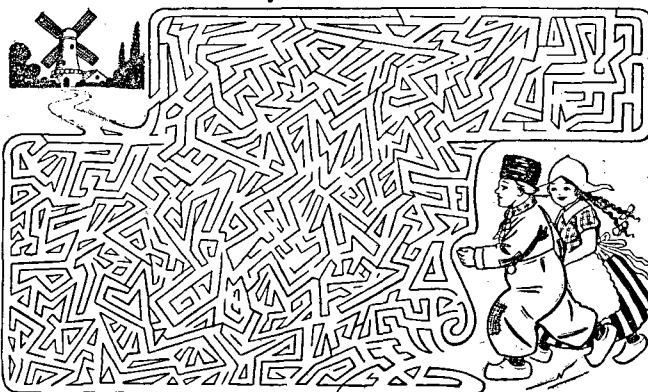
### A Mysterious Arch

ON the North-East coast of the island of Tonga stands a large trilith erected many thousands of years ago by some prehistoric and long-forgotten race. This strange archway is constructed of three fossilised blocks of coral, and is said to weigh over a hundred tons.



There is a picture of it on this Tongan 3d stamp.

### How Did They Reach the Windmill?



THESE little Dutch children have to find their way through the maze to the windmill. Can you trace the path they took?

### Tied Up

A PACKING-CLERK in a warehouse was tying up nineteen parcels, all the same size. He used a ball of string from which he cut off an equal length for each parcel. When he had done twelve of them he measured his string and found that he had 20 feet 5 inches left. In tying up the rest of the parcels he used pieces of string which were an inch longer than those he had used for the previous parcels, so that when he had finished he had nothing left over. How long was the ball of string? *Answer next week*

### Ici On Parle Français



Une olive Le peintre La pagode

Elle se servit de l'huile d'olive. Le peintre travaille au pinceau. On admire cette pagode chinoise.

### Transposed Word

PART of a foot with judgment transpose, And the answer you'll find just under your nose. *Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Penny Farthing Problem

John 6jd, Mary 5d

Three Little Charades

Stub-born. Cow-slips. Band-age.

What Bird is This? Pelican

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

P	I	N	E	A	G	A	T	E	B	A	R	D
I	O	M	E	G	A	A	X	L	E	S	U	
A	N	T	T	R	I	O	L	E	T	P	A	L
N	E	E	D	E	N	T	E	R	A	S	K	S
O	R	O	N	E	T	T	A	X	I	E		
E	D	G	E	H	E	R	S	E	E	M		
T	I	E	T	H	I	R	S	T	S	O	B	E
E	D	E	N	A	S	S	E	T	K	N	O	T

## Dr MERRYMAN

### Difficult

JACK: I was troubled with rheumatism in school today. Father: Surely that's most unlikely in a healthy lad like you. Jack: I don't mean I had it. I had to spell it.

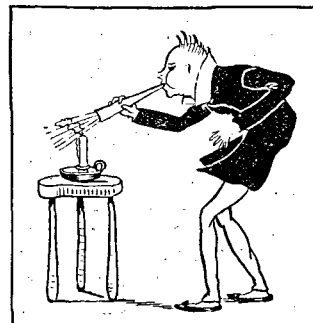
### A Blank Day

THERE was a sound of smashing from the neighbourhood of the kitchen. The mistress went and surveyed the damage.

"Really, Jane!" she said. "Yesterday two cups, now today three saucers and two more cups. What will tomorrow bring, I wonder?"

"Nothing, ma'am," was the reply; "it's my day off."

### Put Out



MY candle and I, we cannot agree, For I love music, it doesn't, you see.

When I blow it a tune, there is no doubt

It is cross and peevish, and quite put out.

### True

TWO London youths who were walking in the Cumberland hills stopped to talk to an old villager.

"A wonderful view you have from here," said one of the visitors.

"Yes," broke in the second, thinking he would playfully tease the old man; "I expect you can see across to America sometimes."

"Much farther than that," was the reply. "Why, when there's no mist we can see to the Moon."

### Something To Crow About

A NEW idea in scarecrows was being demonstrated at an agricultural show.

"Is it very efficient?" queried a farmer.

"Efficient?" echoed the demonstrator. "Why, when first we tried it out not only did it scare the crows, but one black old fellow was so frightened that he brought back some corn he had stolen three days before."



A penny buys a big, big bar Of "Kreemy" Toffee which is nice For boys and girls both near and far You can't get better at the price.

MADE BY

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE.

**SHARP'S  
KREEMY  
TOFFEE**



A Doctor says: "Benger's Food is the finest thing to go to bed on."

Since the first medical sage advised the unrestful never to go to bed on an empty stomach, the world has learned the soothing and sleep inducing effects of Benger's Food.

**Bed time is Benger time**



If you suffer from the unrest of weak digestion, Benger's Booklet will help you. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester. Write to-day.

209a

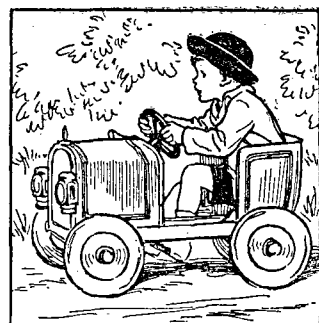
## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

GILBERT, or Gipp, as his daddy called him, took a great interest in motor-cars.

He had clockwork vans and cars, and he made cars with his Meccano and models from cardboard. So you can imagine his delight when he was given a little pedal motor-car for his birthday. He could sit in it and rattle along the lane and sound his horn; there were even little headlamps in front.

Gipp knew all the tradesmen's vans and all the cars of the neighbours. And if one was kind enough to break down, and he could see the driver tinkering with the engine, he was delighted. But of all the cars round about he liked best the long grey car of the gentleman who

lived at the big Manor House. It glittered so beautifully in the sun and moved so smoothly that, at the first



He rattled along

sound of its horn, Gipp was away out of the cottage down by the gate to watch it go by.

"When I'm grown up I'm going to have a grey car like that," Gipp told his mother.

"Then you'll have to be very rich, darling, for those cars cost a lot of money."

"Well, I must have a lovely big one, Mummy," said Gipp. "I wish we knew the gentleman at the Manor House, then perhaps he'd take me for a ride."

One morning Gipp had been allowed to go all the way down the hill to the village in his pedal-car, and to come back by the short cut across the common. As he came to the gate which shut it off from the lane the big grey car drew up behind him, and the gentleman got out to open the gate.

Gipp drove through the gap on the path; but pulled up beyond to watch his beloved car start.

## THE TWO CARS

"There are great advantages in a light car like yours," said the gentleman, smiling at him. "You don't have to get out to open gates."

"No," said Gipp seriously, "but it's much more tiring to drive. You don't have to pedal yours, do you?"

The gentleman agreed that he did not.

"So," he said, "if you won't take it as an insult to your car, may I give you both a lift? I think I could get yours into the back of mine."

Gipp's eyes glowed with pleasure.

"Oh, I'd love a ride in your big car!" he cried; and as the big motor carried him and his car to the cottage gate the two agreed that motor-cars were delightful things.